Contemporary French Painters

Philip Gilbert Hamerton

Susan Pierce Talbot

10.00

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH PAINTERS

THE ELDEST SISTER.

Bouguereau.

CONTEMPORARY

FRENCH PAINTERS

An Essay

BY

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

AUTHOR OF "A PAINTER'S CAMP," "THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE," "THE GRAPHIC ARTS," "LANDSCAPE," "ETCHING AND ETCHERS," "THOUGHTS ABOUT ART," ETC.

With Sixteen Photographic Illustrations

REPRODUCED IN PHOTOGRAVURE

BOSTON

ROBERTS BROTHERS

1895

Copyright, 1895,
By Roberts Brothers.

All rights reserved.

University Press:
John Wilson and Son, Cambridge, U.S.A.

TO

B. B. WOODWARD, Esq.,

HER MAJESTY'S LIBRARIAN,

AND EDITOR OF THE "FINE ARTS QUARTERLY REVIEW,"

WHO TRUSTED THE AUTHOR AS A CRITIC

WHEN FEW ELSE DID.

PREFACE.

SINCE the publication of "A Painter's Camp," the author's labors, as a writer on art, have been confined to occasional articles in various periodicals, and the art-criticism in the "Saturday Review." Projects of a more important kind have been entertained in this interval; but, with one exception, have always been abandoned for the same reason, — the difficulty of writing anything of use without illustrations so numerous and costly as to alarm the prudence even of liberal publishers. The present Essay, in which there is little detailed description of works that the reader has not seen, and which is accompanied by illustrations sufficiently abundant to give a good idea of some of the principal artists mentioned, is a realization of the author's wishes, so far as is compatible with the smallness of its scale and the imperfections of his knowledge. It appears to be more and more evident that criticisms of pictures which the reader has not seen are of no use, and that it is a waste of time to write them. This discouraging fact has not,

however, prevented the writer from contributing articles on the "Pictures of the Year" to the "Saturday Review;" because those pictures are still fresh in the memory of several thousand readers at the time when the articles appear, and it is to those readers only that the criticisms are addressed. But in writing of a more permanent kind, and which refers to artistic work which may not have been seen by one reader in fifty, a different method has to be followed if the author hopes either to interest or teach. It is better in such a case to speak rather of the artist than of any one of his performances; and if a picture is to be criticised in detail, the criticism must be accompanied by a good representation of the picture. Now, with all its faults, nothing is so good for this purpose as photography; because photography, though not at all to be depended upon for its translations of lights and darks, is quite reliable for drawing, for composition, for expression; whereas even the most careful engraving cannot be absolutely relied upon for anything. I should, therefore, wish every essay of mine to be richly illustrated by photographs from pictures or drawings; and this one, in the matter of illustration, falls short of my idea on two points only, — that the photographs are not always from the artist's own work, but sometimes from engravings and lithographs (this was inevitable), and that there

are no photographs of parts of pictures on their own scale, to show the artist's handling. Illustration of this last kind is not, however, likely to be missed by the general reader; and in the choice of the engravings and lithographs which have been photographed, great attention has been paid to the important consideration: what kind of engraving best translates the particular artist. For instance, we have given lithographs from Decamps and Troyon, because both these artists, from the nature of their work, could be, and have been, well rendered by lithographers; but Ary Scheffer, Meissonier, and Hamon, are represented by engravings, and not unfaithfully.

To give a true account of any school of art, it is necessary to know the country which produced the school. This is why French criticisms of English painters are so curiously inadequate, and so widely miss their mark. No French art-critic of any note is thoroughly acquainted with our language and manners, our habits and ways of thought; and the mere effect of strangeness in our art bewilders the French critic, and puts him out; so that, even when both honest and accomplished, which he is not always, he cannot speak of our painters without saying things that we know to be inaccurate and wrong. From this particular kind of error, the author believes himself to be safe. Twelve years of frequent

intercourse with Frenchmen, and five years' residence amongst them, have cleared his mind from the distorting prejudices of the foreigner; and he has learned to respect the efforts of men, and to understand their feelings, even when their whole souls lie outside of English boundaries. And still, notwithstanding this necessary familiarity with French ideas, it is an advantage to him to be an Englishman; because the possession of English ideas, and the power of referring to them at will, gives a standard of comparison, or at least a means of contrast; for a man who is at home in two nations sees things in each which habit makes imperceptible to the inhabitants. In the following pages there is not, as is usual in English writing, an assumption of the perfection of English standards, and an understood reference of everything to them; but neither, on the other hand, is there the Frenchman's corresponding reference to French standards. The author has endeavored to disengage himself as much as possible from national partisanship, and to understand the aims of French artists by temporarily entering into the spirit of their various enterprises. The earnest desire to see things from various points of view attains, in time, the capacity to do so; and the author has been surprised, whilst writing the following pages, to find how it was possible to feel sympathy approaching to enthusiasm

for creeds in art so hostile to each other that the believers in them are full of mutual bitterness. Let us be assured that these great creeds, Classicism, Romanticism, Realism, and the artistic creeds of the future, which have as yet no formula, are all necessary growths of a living Art. As a great forest-tree stretches its roots on every side, or as a vigorous nation pushes its colonies over the world, so Art is always seeking fresh earth; but, as in the life of a state, there must always exist a party chiefly anxious to preserve and defend, so in Art there is a traditional and conservative party, staying at home in the old country, and guarding the temples of its gods. May we not, without inconsistency, applaud the enterprise that seeks for what is new, and still respect the devotion that cherishes a venerable faith, and watches its lamp on a rock of safety, whilst the bold discoverers sail out on the unknown sea?

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

		Page
The Eldest Sister	*Bouguereau*	Frontispiece
The Death of Leonardo da Vinci	*Ingres*	44
The Gardener	*Hamon*	48
Arabs Hunting the Wild Goat	*H. Vernet*	65
Before the Attack	*Protais*	73
The Children of Edward IV.	*Delaroche*	80
Dante and Beatrice	*Ary Scheffer*	86
Landscape, Morning Effect	*Troyon*	93
Oxen Ploughing	*Rosa Bonheur*	96
Italian Reapers	*Robert*	105
The Return of the Flock	*C. Jacque*	107
The Kennel	*Decamps*	110
The Prisoner	*Gérôme*	117
The Amateur of Pictures	*Meissonier*	120
The Reading Lesson	*E. Frère*	121
The First Visit	*Toulmouche*	122

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH PAINTERS.

I.

IN the latter years of the eighteenth century two young men were often seen walking the streets of Paris in a very remarkable and even astonishing costume. One of them wore a large blue mantle, with a white tunic under it; the other, a complete Phrygian dress, copied from the statue of Paris in the Louvre. The first was called Maurice Quay, and the surname of the other was Perrié; but for the time being they were known to each other and to their friends as "Paris and Agamemnon." Quay appears to have played his part of Agamemnon with the greatest dignity and conviction. They were not masqueraders; they were not fools; and what they did was done with the most earnest faith, and a courage so much beyond that of mankind in general that no one capable of generous feeling and understanding the gravity of their purpose could refuse them his admiration, however little he might share their taste. When

Maurice Quay put on his great blue mantle and sandalled his naked feet, and walked forth in Paris to be stared at and laughed at and jostled in the public streets, he adorned himself in a very different temper from that of some other men, who also think about their dress, but whose only object in thinking about it is to shine in the eyes of the fashionable world.

Quay and Perrié were students in the school of David. They have reached no celebrity as painters, and are not mentioned here on that ground; but they deserve to be remembered in connection with the history of Classicism in modern art. Maurice Quay believed, and the belief has not wholly died out among artists, that Greek art — that is, Greek art of a certain favored and happy period — was nothing less than realized perfection, and, believing this, concluded that moderns such as himself had nothing better to do than to copy this perfect model. When he and his friend walked out in antique costume, the people who saw them perceived the incongruity of it, and were very excusably tickled in their sense of the ludicrous; but what they failed to perceive was that the very adoption of that costume was an escape from incongruity of a worse kind. Quay in Greek costume was no doubt an incongruous element in French society; but Quay in French costume would have been just as incongruous, though not visibly so; and Quay in French costume would really have worn a most incongruous disguise, whereas a Greek mantle was his

fit and natural dress. For were not all his thoughts of antique art? And what dress can be so proper for a man as that which expresses the habit of his mind?

Under various forms during the last half of the eighteenth century there arose an enthusiasm for ancient Greece and Rome of a more intense kind than that which had led to the Renaissance. This enthusiasm was first felt by a small body of learned men, who entered farther than their predecessors into the life and habits of the ancients. They were possessed by an earnest desire, amounting to passion, to know accurately how the classic nations lived; and no detail which could throw light on this subject came amiss to them. What seems to us most curious, and not a little puerile, is that these studies of a few scholars and collectors should have communicated an enthusiasm to society generally, which took the form of imitation. The adoption of Greek costume, in the case of a few young painters, was an extreme instance; but during a very agitated and anxious time, that of the great Revolution, the whole French nation found leisure to play at being ancient Rome. There may have been a profounder reason for this than either vanity or any true sympathy with Roman life. The French had thrown off the last remnants of the Middle Ages; they had got rid both of monarchy and the Church, and were much in want of a precedent and some authentic and noble tradition. It appears that

men's minds have always need to hold to a tradition of some kind; they cannot isolate themselves, but are compelled to be links in a chain. The French of the Revolution, being heroic pagans leading a life of intense political and social excitement, found themselves for the moment more in harmony with old Rome than with any Christian community, and so hooked themselves on to Roman traditions, and at once powerfully felt the Roman influence flowing like swift electricity through their own modern life. Though very daring in the immediate realization of new projects, these Frenchmen of the Revolution did not lay great claims to originality, but often did things avowedly because their models, the Greeks and Romans, had done so before them. Thus, in his first speech before the Convention, the painter David says, "I desire that this custom of striking medals be applied also to all the glorious or happy events already past and which shall hereafter occur in the republic, *and that in imitation of the Greeks and Romans*, who by such metallic records have not only transmitted to us the memory of remarkable times, but have also informed us of the progress of their arts." A hundred instances may be cited of equally direct appeal to classic precedent. Some years later, when the young General Bonaparte became famous, the mind of David was one of the first which he subjugated; and the way which David found to express his admiration was characteristic of the sentiment of

the time. "My friends," said the painter, "it is a man to whom the ancients would have built altars!" The only wonder is that David did not actually hire masons to erect a stone altar to the young demigod.

The reference to antiquity meets us at every step. When David has undertaken to paint the First Consul, he asks for sittings, and is refused on the ground that the great men of antiquity did not sit; and Bonaparte, who was never prevented by any affectation of modesty from inviting the most exalted comparisons, declared that Alexander had never sat to Apelles. And although the costume of the Consulate was by no means a pure antique costume, such as that which Maurice Quay aspired to introduce, still it was very different from that of the reigns of the last kings; and it owed the difference entirely to the imitation of antiquity, and especially to such public ceremonies as the translation of Voltaire's body to the Pantheon, when all in the procession wore the antique dress and bore antique insignia. And as costume was revolutionized, so was furniture. Every reader remembers the furniture of the Consulate and Empire, — its slenderness without grace and simplicity without dignity, except in chairs of state and thrones, which certainly had dignity in their way. When tables were made with thin, straight legs, and ornamented with nothing but a few fine lines of purfling, ladies wore dresses as simple as chemises, bound by a belt immediately under the breast. Both tables and dresses

were due to the classical revival, and may be traced with sufficient directness to the influence of the painter David. The first specimens of that stiff, plain furniture were made for David's painting-room in the Louvre, and were used by him as models in his pictures of Roman life; and the popularity of those pictures, in which classical costume was rigidly adhered to, is supposed to have had considerable influence on dress.

This mania for classic things was not always accompanied by very profound knowledge of classical literature. Painters are often illiterate; and however great may be their enthusiasm for ancient Greece, it is seldom strong enough to carry them through the difficulties of the Greek language. But Greece has left two records of herself, — her literature and her art; and the ordinary scholar who can read Greek books, but has never qualified himself to read Greek sculpture, is just as truly, with regard to the Greek mind, half-educated as the illiterate painter who knows the statues alone directly, and the literature, if at all, in translations. The enormous preponderance of literary studies in education and the prevalent idea that to be literate is to know everything, and to be illiterate to know nothing, have made it exceedingly difficult for people who are what is called "educated" to understand the mind of a man like David, or to see how the arrival of a quantity of marble images from Italy — spoils of the young

Napoleon — could be to him and his pupils as great a revelation as the discovery of a rich literature in a language already mastered. The arrival of those priceless treasures, in a procession of seventy wagons, every wagon a bower of laurel and flowers, and flags taken from the enemy, and bearing on a strong case the name of some world-famous work contained therein, was the greatest artistic event of those days; and when the cases were opened, and the contents exposed to French eyes, an influence began to disseminate itself which has not yet ceased to operate, and which will be traceable for unnumbered years.

But the artists, especially the younger ones, were not all illiterate. Étienne Delécluze read Greek and English with what may be considered a good literary appetite, and, as often happens when artists take much to reading, became known later in life as a writer, and abandoned the practical art of painting. Maurice Quay, who knew more about Greek ideas than Greek words, came to hear Delécluze read Homer, and seems to have derived the highest satisfaction from what he heard, though he did not understand a syllable of it. They were all of them, master and pupils, in a blissful state of intense and enthusiastic belief; and unless we remember this, and have some power of sympathy with it, the lesson of their life and work must be lost to us.

The idea of the classical discipline in art-education first enthroned itself firmly in the school of David,

and has reigned with great authority down to the last year or two, when other influences have asserted themselves, and the classical discipline is no longer absolute. The classical spirit in art produces the same effects on character which it does when accepted by literary students. Its most obvious and infallible result is to give great personal confidence, and to encourage a contempt for every other discipline, — a contempt so lofty and undoubting that I know of nothing comparable to it except the contempt which aristocracy, in combination with orthodoxy, has for democracy and dissent. Classical students are not always offensively arrogant, but they hold the belief that their line of study is the only way to excellence, and that all who follow any other labor in vain. When a belief of this kind is united to constitutional pride, it leads to insupportable haughtiness of manner; when it is found in common with much natural modesty and tenderness of heart, it produces rather a gentle pity for all who have not shared the inestimable advantages of classical culture. But one characteristic marks the classical spirit everywhere, and in all persons, — it believes itself to be unquestionably, not only the best and highest, but the *only* culture. No one truly imbued with this spirit ever recognized any other education than that which it prescribes. In literature, if you have read a certain number of Greek and Latin authors you are educated; if not, however extensive your reading in other languages,

you are uneducated. In art, if you have studied the figure in the prescribed classical manner, by the help of Greek sculpture and Renaissance draughtsmanship, you are educated; if not, however extensive your studies in other forms of art, you are uneducated. The classical mind does not admit that any discipline not its own can be a discipline at all. All other studies, disciplines, endeavors, it calmly but resolutely ignores. The most wonderful thing is that such large claims should for a time have been all but universally allowed. And now that the classical tyranny is weakened by a hundred instances of brilliantly successful disobedience, its pedagogues adopt a sorrowful and deprecatory tone, — lamenting not the loss of their own power, but the decline of art, the relaxation of discipline, the decay of culture, and the waywardness of the age.

The authority which David exercised over French art amounted during many years to a dictatorship. He outlived it; but, fortunately for his self-love, passed in a political exile the years which followed the close of his predomination. Such a dictatorship could never have been maintained by any but a figure-painter, and a figure-painter professing classical principles. Power of this kind, which is half sacerdotal, requires the consecration of antique tradition. The tradition has been maintained up to the last year or two by Ingres, the most distinguished pupil of David; but owing to various causes, of which the

chief is the modern search for variety in culture, the authority once held by David has not descended intact to his successor. We in England are sufficiently independent, both of David and Ingres, to speak of them without prejudice. They have never had authority here, and we may judge them, not as successful rebels judge deposed kings, but as foreigners look upon considerable figures which command their attention. An English writer might safely say anything he pleased about David, however heretical, because few Englishmen know much about the painter, and those who do know dislike him. Even in France, though David is still looked upon as one who, in his time, manfully defended the true faith in art, he is not now held to have been a great practical artist.

Any estimate of the modern French school must, however, take David and his teaching for its starting-point. His *atelier* was not only the centre of orthodoxy in art, but the men who were to carry out the romantic heresy were the pupils of his pupils. The pedigree of almost every French artist — if not by the nature of his talent, at least by his teaching — may be traced to David.

The *atelier* system in France may be briefly described in this place. When young men are said to be "pupils" of a French painter, and to work "in his *atelier*," it does not mean that they work in the room where the master paints, but in one which he

hires for them, and visits from time to time to see what they have been doing. My own experience of French *ateliers*, as a pupil, was exceedingly short, because the memoranda of the figure which, as a landscape-painter, I most wanted could not be obtained without frequent change of place, and consequent interference with the labors of others. But without this objection I should still have found it difficult to work, on account of the unrestrained turbulence of the younger students, and the intolerable noise. It appears from the narrative of M. Delécluze that David's studio was a noisy place also, and these disorders seem to be the gravest defect of the system. In the absence of the master, which is almost perpetual, mob-rule is established, and the delight of the pupils is to try which can howl loudest. This is not, however, so serious an interruption to study in the case of all pupils; many seem to be able to work with some steadiness in spite of it. The good of the *atelier* system is, that these yelling youths get, each of them, five minutes' real criticism whenever the master chooses to pay them a visit; and that the conceit is taken out of them very early by their comrades, so that there is little danger of their over-estimating themselves and their doings, like solitary amateurs with complimentary drawing-masters. It may be a merit in the system that the master should be generally absent, if only some authority replaced him to enforce silence. The

occasional visit for purposes of criticism and counsel is an excellent institution; the words of advice have the better chance of being remembered that they are few, and pronounced deliberately in the hearing of the whole school, which clusters round the easel before which the master has taken his seat. But it has sometimes happened that, from illness or excess of personal engagements, the master has visited his pupils too seldom, and still kept open his *atelier*. From this cause, and certain cases of practical joking, and also from the decline of the classical doctrine which made art a matter communicable by teaching, it has resulted that the *atelier* system is no longer in a flourishing condition; and it seems likely that, in the course of the next generation, it will either be greatly modified or replaced altogether by private and more directly personal instruction, such as that already given by some landscape-painters. It is scarcely necessary to add that this system has never been adopted in England, which is with some a matter of regret. If it could be introduced without the excessive classical authority in the teaching, and with some arrangement for preserving silence during the absence of the teacher, it might prevent many young painters from wasting valuable time in the solitary and fruitless efforts which now too often exhaust them.

It is one of the misfortunes of a writer on art, that he is often called upon to study and give an account

of painters with whom he has very little in common. This is always an effort, and an effort usually accompanied or followed by appreciable fatigue, which sometimes takes the form of *ennui*, and unless care is taken to find its true cause, will even extend itself to the works of artists we really value and enjoy. Modern Classicism in art has always, or nearly always, left me perfectly unmoved; and its immense pretension, so far from overawing me, only arouses rebellious instincts. When painters of moderate natural capacity reach a position of influence merely by the repetition of a traditional doctrine, we may not suspect their sincerity, but we doubt their originality. In the present temper of the continental nations the classical doctrine does not make an artist popular, but no creed in art is safer to profess. The thirty or forty critics who have some influence dare not speak of Classicism without professions of reverence, nor advocate Modernism without the most timid apologies. The classicists have not obtained any hold on the affections of the public, but they have thoroughly cowed its intellect. The people think one thing and profess another; if you say what they profess they will applaud you, if you say what they are all thinking they will disavow you.

But though modern French Classicism is to me as tiresome as it is pretentious, I quite believe in the sincerity of its chiefs. Both David and Ingres gave proofs of their honesty by persevering in their aims in

times of the severest trial. And they have one characteristic which always ennobles an artist: they did not paint to please, but had high notions of their art as being a good deal more than an amusement, either for the makers of pictures or those who come to see them. This one point in the classicists is good and noble; they do not condescend; they have a certain austerity, and disdain to attract the vulgar. Such of them as I have known personally have been men of great singleness of purpose, thinking only of their art, quite indifferent to wealth, and indifferent even to fame, if fame is to cost servility however slight. It would be well if all artists had an equally lofty ideal. So far the classicists are right; the art of painting is *not* an amusement, either for artists or the public; and when artists make their art generally attractive, they degrade it and disgrace themselves. The condition of mind in which David painted his "Socrates," or Ingres his "Œdipus," is more hopeful than that of the brilliant popular artist who paints fine ladies and fops and policemen in commercial sensation pictures. So long as David remained the representative of the classical idea, whether in the "Horatii," the "Socrates," or the "Sabine Women," he was eminently a serious artist, and to be considered seriously; afterwards he became court painter to Napoleon, but even then preserved much grandeur of purpose, because the man and the events which he commemorated were really an heroic man, and epic,

exceptional events. At no time in his life did David paint commercially; but the nearest approach to degradation which he ever incurred was when he came down to the art-intelligence of Napoleon.

It is usually a mark of classical taste in painting to despise landscape and be very ignorant of it. David only painted one landscape in his life, and that one whilst he was in prison. The confinement probably intensified for the time his torpid affections for external nature. I remember no landscape by Ingres, except his backgrounds, which, when landscape is attempted, are always singularly insensitive and bad.

Classicism is opposed to popular art both by its qualities and its defects. It is more sober and more grave, but less intelligent and less favorable to the expression and development of intelligence. It does not usually encourage the study of various human minds, but prefers the beauty of the body; and so far as it admits mind at all, prefers it of some simple, heroic type. It has no humor or even wit, a deficiency which bears out what I have just said of its intellectual inferiority. Its adoration of bodily perfection is, however, so purely artistic a sentiment that perhaps Classicism is a purer ideal of art than genre-painting, which is half-literary and closely related to the theatre.

The masterpieces of Classicism are not held, by the devotees of the faith, to be amenable to any naturalistic criticism whatever. If you point out defects

in color, and even in drawing, they are often readily admitted to exist, but the unfavorable inferences you would deduce from them are always steadily rejected. It is believed that such works as the "Stratonice," the "Jupiter and Thetis," or the "St. Symphorien" of Ingres, are absolutely above any fault-finding: you may point to false color or false anatomy, but whenever a defect is too glaring to be denied, it is assumed that Ingres was clearly aware of it, and allowed himself the license for the profoundest artistic reasons. If you then shift your criticism from matters of fact to matters of taste, you are met by a steady assumption that Ingres was sure to have finer taste than that of any of his critics. A position of this kind is of course inexpugnable. The whole field of argument is yielded to the assailant without defence; but a citadel of assertion remains where reason and evidence are of no use.

I suppose no one living entirely believes in David as an example of practical greatness, though many may still preserve the tradition of his doctrines. But there is a sect of artists in Paris who reverence Ingres as a practical master, greater than any who has lived in Europe since the sixteenth century. It has been my good fortune to live on terms of intimacy with one of the most able and distinguished of these believers, an artist of true and rare genius, long experience, and disciplined intellectual power. I have often endeavored to direct my friend's intelligence to

a true criticism of Ingres, but whenever that too authoritative name was mentioned, it produced an entire paralysis of the critical faculty in my friend's mind; he always on the instant ceased to exercise intelligence, and surrendered himself absolutely to emotions of uncontrolled veneration. Ingres, for him, is enthroned where criticism has no right to come; he is one of the divine immortals whose attributes it is vain to question, and whose influence it is impious to resist. My friend carries the classical doctrine to its utmost consequences, and has an unfeigned contempt for all modern art outside of the classical sect, including Gothic architecture, which seems to him mere extravagance or disease. This marks one of the strongest characteristics of the genuine classical spirit, its exclusiveness. The true classicist recognizes no other art, admits no other culture. We seldom, in these days, meet with men, who, without affectation, can say that they entirely dislike Gothic architecture; but when they do, we may generally attribute their distaste to the exclusiveness of the classical spirit.

It must be evident that this exclusiveness is not compatible with that breadth of view which is essential to the true critic, and therefore that no large or just criticism can proceed from the classical school. But on the other hand, a position of polemical antagonism towards that school would be almost equally unfavorable to strict justice, and the wisest

and best critic would neither be classic nor romantic nor mediæval; he would look upon every artistic sect as a manifestation to be studied, rather than as a heresy to be refuted, or a faith to be defended and imposed. This way of studying art was first clearly advocated by Taine, and it is the only way worthy of a true critic. Of course this independence is resented by classicists as hostility, because it will not submit to their authority; but though by no means submissive or obedient, the critical spirit is not hostile to any artistic sect. When I say that the classical sect is exclusive, that it denies the value of other culture and other art, that it makes great claims to authority, and resents independence as rebellion against itself, I am not angry at Classicism, but merely state facts about its character, which those who best love it would be the last to deny. Perhaps if the sect were as powerful as, in its own opinion, it ought to be, a lover of intellectual freedom might attempt to overthrow so terrible a despotism; but in these days, when every artist paints as he pleases, there is little need for chivalry of that kind, and the equanimity of the critic may be maintained without effort.

One quality I have always much respected in the modern classicists, — their contented submission to discipline. They have never shared the too common belief that success in painting is to be attained without paying a great price for it. They contentedly shut themselves up in the *atelier* of a master for

seven years, after which they endure poverty and hard labor for seven years more without thinking the time and work ill-bestowed, if at the age of thirty they are able to paint a picture which may satisfy the exigencies of the classical criticism. Though devoted to the study of the naked figure, which in their view is the only object in the world worth serious study, they are singularly pure in sentiment, because the ideal of beauty which they seek, and the rigid discipline they undergo, forbid, in their art, the play of the lower passions. Take, for instance, the designs of Froment, the most exquisitely inventive artist of the whole school; I have examined hundreds of them, and though the figures are nearly always naked, I cannot remember a single instance of the most distant approach to impurity. Froment's whole life has been given to the study of the naked figure; but the severe spirit of the classical faith, united to a natural love of all gentle and innocent thoughts, has kept his art quite stainless. The same may certainly be said of Hamon, and probably also of Gobert; but my acquaintance with Gobert's work is so limited that I only know him to be a great artist, and cannot vouch for the absence of any particular sentiment from the whole range of his labor. In this quality of purity the modern French classicists differ widely from the artists of the Renaissance, and also from the more national school which derives from Boucher and Fragonard. They have a strong natural antipathy to the

painters of what is called "gallantry," and despise them as heartily as they despise costume-painters. Not that moral purity is to be regarded by any means as an object of the classicists, or an article of their artistic faith; it is merely an accidental characteristic, the result of a condition of high mental aspiration and stern self-discipline in study. The classicists do not confound artistic excellence with moral excellence, and by no means share the illusion of the poetaster mentioned by Leslie, who thought himself a better artist than Byron because his verse was morally irreproachable.

The classicists are usually, and for anything I know universally, subject to a curious illusion about the facility of other forms of art. They despise landscape-painting and genre, not only because they are unorthodox, but especially because they are so exceedingly easy as to be beneath the attention of serious students. It is scarcely necessary to say that this is a great mistake, due to the inordinate self-conceit of the classical spirit. We have a parallel error in the literary world; the pure classicists hold that the modern languages are very easy, and have a theory that they could soon master them if they chose to take the trouble.* The students of land-

* As a resident in France, I have good opportunities of ascertaining what proportion of Englishmen have mastered French. It must be surprisingly small; for in the whole range of my acquaintance I only know *one* Englishman who can speak French correctly as to accent and grammar.

scape and modern languages have their revenge when the classicist is obliged by circumstances to condescend to enter the lists with them. If he is a painter, want of money may compel him to attempt genre-painting; and, since he has more taste than wit, and more information than intelligence, he is almost sure to fail. He has a great contempt for the painting of coats and trousers, — a contempt which in some respects may be well-grounded; but then he cannot himself paint a coat-sleeve, his figures are never clothed, but are still visibly naked, with a clinging cuticle of unnatural and impossible cloth. He has been accustomed to content himself with figures almost wholly mindless, whose power over the spectator depended mainly on the beauty of their limbs, and now he has to render the energy of passion and the subtlety of thought. He has been a calm sculptor hitherto, rounding contours and developing muscles, but now he finds that this easy art of genre-painting requires the vivacity and versatility of the novelist. Not long since, a French classicist took to genre-painting, to earn money, and spoke of the art he was going to practise in the most easy and contemptuous way; but it turned out that he had three deficiencies: the first, that though he could paint a leg, he could not paint a face; the second, that he could not dress his figures; the third, that his scenes of French life had nothing genuine, but were adulterated with dead forms of Classicism. The theory so often advanced

that men who have been addicted to what are called "higher studies" succeed better in "inferior" arts than those who have been especially prepared for them is a fallacy, and one of the pet fallacies of orthodox authority. The truth is, that our essentially modern painters, our painters of genre and landscape and animals, our Leslies, Constables, Landseers, succeed only by entirely emancipating themselves from Classicism and altogether forgetting it; if they remembered it, they would remember it to their ruin. The classical training is, with reference to future success in these forms of art, much worse than useless; it is actively harmful, and is so far from refining or elevating them that it spoils them. If we are to have the classical spirit at all, let us have it pure. The assertion that it is so *very* good that it may be beneficially mixed with everything shows a surprising ignorance of the chemistry of mind.

II.

INGRES was the son of a painter, who was at the same time musician, architect, and sculptor, but does not seem to have distinguished himself in any of these pursuits. His celebrated son was born at Montauban, in 1780. At the age of thirteen, having studied the violin under his father, he performed a concerto of Viotti in the theatre of Toulouse, during a festival in celebration of the king's execution; and during his long life Ingres never abandoned the violin, though at the age of sixteen he entered the school of David, and no longer thought of music as a possible profession. When Ingres was still a young man and Greuze an octogenarian, both artists were commissioned to paint the First Consul; and a curious anecdote is told of their interview with that personage. It appears that Napoleon would not sit, and that the only chance the painters had of studying him was by observing him for a few seconds while he passed through a gallery at St. Cloud. There, accordingly, they stationed themselves; and Napoleon, seeing them, said to one of his officers, "Are these the painters who are to paint my portrait? H'm! as

to this one," staring at Ingres, "I consider him too young; and as to that one," staring at poor old Greuze, "he 's too old." Having delivered himself of these polite observations, the First Consul continued his march along the corridor, leaving the painters in a state of much astonishment. The Napoleonic dynasty may not have gained in ability in this generation, but it has certainly improved in manners. The present occupant of St. Cloud may not be so great a general as his predecessor, but he is a gentleman.

Ingres, to use the French expression, was a "*grand prix de Rome*." He could not go there, however, at that time, because the Government allowed no money for the school at Rome; but Ingres went there later, in 1806, and stayed till 1820. From 1820 to 1824 Ingres lived in Florence; from 1824 to 1834 in Paris, where he opened an *atelier* for pupils, as his master David had done. Then he returned to Rome as Director of the French Academy, and remained till 1841, when he came back to Paris. During the years of his obscurity he owed much to the devotion of his first wife, who made it her business to see that no interruption troubled him. He had to earn his living by drawing portraits in pencil, and his wife used to arrange the question of price. Many anecdotes are told of her great practical wisdom, and of the delicate care with which she guarded her husband's peace. Nothing is more necessary to artists and men of letters than this protected tranquillity; but marriage

is dangerous to it, because marriage usually exposes a man to incessant social and pecuniary obligations, which, to men absorbed in great pursuits, are intolerable worries. It happens occasionally, however, that a noble wife will post herself between her husband and these clamorous cares, taking the burden of them on herself, and by her constant watchfulness, buying him days of quietness. This is what Madame Ingres did, and it is believed that very much of her husband's subsequent fame is to be attributed to her dutiful service.

Like other men who have been obstinately devoted to a single idea, Ingres was personally disagreeable. All the portraits of him convey this impression; they have a look of bad temper, which may be nothing more than an extreme development of will. Like most artists, he not only believed himself to be right, but considered other forms of art than his own to be wrong, and a sort of pestilence or scourge. He speaks of Romanticism, not as another branch of painting which has a right to independent existence, but as "le fléau que l'on nomme Romantisme, qui détruit et corrompt," etc. It is exceedingly difficult, it would seem, for artists to avoid these illusions, and rise above this bitter hostility and intolerance. They must have marked and passionate predilections, or they could not be artists; and these predilections make them not only love the particular truths or beauties which they paint, but virulently hate and

scorn all art which does not devote itself to the same objects. Tolerance does not belong to the artistic, but to the critical, faculty; and the highest criticism, which is positivist criticism, is the most tolerant, because it accepts all the forms of art as subjects of study, — taking them all as various manifestations of the various mind of humanity. Ingres gave the fullest written expression to his views in a pamphlet published in reply to an official report on the "École des Beaux Arts." The proposition to allow other teaching than the orthodox classical teaching seemed to Ingres an intolerable outrage on right principles, and he wrote in undisguised anger. The "ancients" are, of course, referred to very soon, in the third line, Homer in the fourth, and "classical masterpieces" in the fifth. In the next page the school of art is spoken of as a "true temple of Apollo, consecrated solely to the arts of Greece and Rome." He speaks with veneration of the old teaching as "based on the great classical traditions," and with contempt of the new as "fantastic and adventurous." It may interest painters to know that Ingres considered painting so extremely easy that it might be learned in a single week; drawing, on the other hand, required years of study: he disapproved of the habit of painting studies (which Reynolds advocated), and held that the right way was to draw only from the model, trusting to taste for the coloring, which with a little practice would always be good enough. The fact was that

Ingres had not the most remote idea of what the word "color" in art-language means.

A very interesting exhibition of the works of Ingres was held this year in the "École des Beaux Arts." This exhibition was made especially interesting by the endeavor to illustrate every picture, so far as was practicable, by the studies which the artist had made for it. It is not necessary in this place to mention more than a few of the works exhibited, and I have not space for detailed criticism. I gave time and care to the collection, missing nothing, and studying most what seemed most representative of the man. The impression left upon me was that the will that produced those works had been truly extraordinary, but the intellect very ordinary; that as to artistic faculty there had been a certain moderate gift developed into a semblance of greatness by intense labor, and owing much of its development to its extreme narrowness. The secret of success in this instance was concentration, and the patience to hammer for sixty-five years on one nail. If Ingres had had a broader and more flexible intelligence he might have gained reputation of another kind, but he would never have made himself a name by the simple reiteration of a doctrine already perfectly well known. Ingres was not the founder of anything in art, but only a sort of pope representing a tradition. He added nothing to our stock of ideas; but, to use Browning's words, "by no immoderate exercise of intellect and learning,

and the tact to let external forces work for him, bade" Raphael's "creed exhalt him over his fellows in the world." How well it did so, the list of his honors shows. He died a Senator, a Great Officer of the Legion of Honor, Knight of the Order of Civil Merit of Prussia, Commander of the Order of St. Joseph of Tuscany, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Guadaloupe, Member of the Institute of France, of the Academies of Florence, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Berlin, Vienna, etc.; and he lived to see a picture of his sold for three thousand six hundred and eighty pounds.

In works such as the "Vow of Louis XIII." and the "Jupiter and Thetis," where deities are represented in clouds, there is always a difficulty for the spectator in doing justice to the figures without being unfavorably affected by the badness of the background. So in the "Œdipus," where there is landscape, and in the "Saint Symphorien," where there are buildings. Even the rock and leafage in the "Source" are sufficiently false and bad to draw away our attention in some measure from the severe beauty of the figure. Criticism of this kind, in which the weakest points are attacked first, may seem hard and unfair, but it bears reference to a very important characteristic of Classicism, — its contempt of landscape. The advocates of Ingres admit that these rocks and clouds are entirely untrue; but they argue that such rocks and clouds as these har-

monize better with the artist's conception of the figure than more natural ones would. No doubt, if Ingres had painted his backgrounds better his work would have lost that orthodox appearance which he sought, and which is due quite as much to ignorance as it is to knowledge. A sounder development of Classicism is to be found in the most recent works of Froment, in which the background is altogether suppressed and replaced by a flat tint, simply detaching the figures, like the black of an Etruscan vase. What I most dislike in the rocks and clouds of Ingres is that they are neither true enough on the one hand nor abstract enough on the other. They look like thoroughly bad attempts at landscape-painting instead of being abstract indications. Seriously, I prefer the landscape on Assyrian bas-reliefs, which has at least the merit of decision.

It is a part of the classical theory to reject effects of light, and to express modelling with the smallest possible amount of projection. Thus the figure of Thetis is purposely almost flat, like a figure in a bas-relief, yet the modelling is careful and excellent of its kind. A severe grace has been sought in this figure, as in the "Odalisque," and attained. The Jupiter is majestic in attitude and frame; but his face, with its small mouth and nicely curled beard, conveys the idea of a good-looking and well-fed commercial traveller. The pictures in the collection which I should

most care to possess are the "Source" and the "Odalisque," exceptionally fine studies of the nude, to which may perhaps be added the "Œdipus," in which, though the background is puerile and the Sphinx ridiculous, the figure of Œdipus is a fine example of the beauty of early manhood. I care very little for the "Stratonice;" it is infinitely careful in workmanship, and the interior of the room is as nicely painted as if Gérôme had done it, but the drama does not alter my belief that Ingres had no genuine dramatic faculty. The historical pictures, such as the death of Leonardo, given herewith, leave me absolutely unmoved, and seem a false direction of the artist's talent, which shows itself to the best advantage in the naked figure, where expression is not wanted. The religious pictures seemed cold and formal. I always hate to see saints so careful about their attitudes and draperies; that kind of care and thought belongs to religious personages of high worldly position, but not to passionate devotees. Ingres had too cold a nature to conceive of passion of any kind; and even in the "Saint Symphorien" the passion does not affect one as genuine, but seems an affair of contorted attitudes and big muscles. Of the "Jesus before the Doctors," the work of the painter's old age, it is fitting to keep silence; it is wonderful that an octogenarian should have been able to paint at all, and the handling here is quite firm. There were several fine portraits, especially

THE DEATH OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Ingres

the "Cherubini" and "Bertin aîné" and Madame Ingres. As a portrait-painter, Ingres was remarkably careful, but required innumerable sittings. It is said that for one of his portraits the subject endured the ordeal a hundred and fifty times. Like his master, David, Ingres could do little without the model before his eyes, a proof of feeble memory and invention.

Of the other classicists, the reader should miss no opportunity of studying Hamon, Froment, and Gobert; but all three have a charm which Ingres lacked, and which is not purely classical, — they have French taste of the best kind. I dare say Froment would like to purify his mind from this taste if he could, and be a true Greek; but this is not possible for him, and, however great his devotion to Greek tradition, he will remain ever a Frenchman. It happens, unfortunately for Froment's reputation, that all his most exquisite work has been lavished on vases for Sèvres; and although these vases are signed with the artists' names, still the public is not in the habit of looking for the signature, but contents itself with knowing that the vase is real Sèvres, and is valued at so many hundreds of pounds, — the last fact being usually, so far as I have seen, much more interesting than the art of the designer. Hence it follows that an artist who works for Sèvres, though he may put quite as much genius into his work as any painter of canvas, remains always in perfect obscurity, just like

an English contributor to anonymous periodicals. And the vases, when finished, are seen by few people. They are given to foreign princes or great personages, and hidden away in Russian or Spanish palaces, where they become mere items in the mass of costly things which constitute the aggregate of splendor. A courtly gentleman or lady who cared enough about art to seek out the modest signature of the designer of the vase and remember the name afterwards would be a very exceptional personage. So in the great exhibitions the names of these designers remain obscure. If the reader has visited the present Exhibition of 1867, does he remember the name of a single designer of a vase? He remembers the wonderful Sèvres exhibition in the mass, but that is all; or he may remember the name of some great English firm, but not the names of its draughtsmen. This carelessness about individuals is unfair in several ways. The porcelain of Sèvres is no more one product than the painted canvas of London. Now, suppose we were to pay no attention to the names of Millais and Landseer and Poynter, but jumble the works of all our painters together as "London painting," would not this be very indolent and absurd? Yet this is precisely what everybody does with regard to the artists — often very great artists — who, instead of painting on canvas, paint on porcelain vases for Sèvres. Their vase pictures are all called "Sèvres;" and the world pays no more attention to the various

human minds that give their finest thoughts to these vases than if they were polishers of pins or Sheffield knife-grinders. The reader knows nothing about Gobert; and if he knows anything of Froment, it is from woodcuts, in which all his fine drawing, which no woodcutter can follow, is lost. But in the little world of artists, where popular reputation is of no account, these men are looked upon as masters; and Gobert in his obscurity is as much honored as Gérôme in the full summer of his fame.

Hamon has seldom allowed himself full color, but has a natural preference for harmonies of grays. In the Great Exhibition of 1867 were several of his best-known works, — the "Boutique à Quatre Sous," "L'Aurore," "Les Muses à Pompéi," "La Sœur Ainée," and "L'Escamoteur." To my taste, the finest of his works there was, however, a painting in gray on a red ground, of a mother walking out with her children; this was truly exquisite. It is called "La Promenade" in the catalogue. I have heard English spectators criticise Hamon's color as being false, but this is unfair. His work is not strictly color in the ordinary sense at all; that is, he does not attempt the full hues of nature, but contents himself with certain modified harmonies, — artificial, if you like, but often very beautiful. It may be observed in this place that for some years past the little band of classicists have been pursuing the most careful researches, accompanied by very delicate experiments, in color-

harmonies, of a kind which is not easily explicable in words. Their color is just as much nature as music is, and is no more to be blamed because it is not just like natural objects than symphonies by musical composers are to be blamed because they are not like the noises we hear in the mountains or by the sea. Nature has her music in the whistling of the wind, the roar of sea-waves, the crash of the avalanche, the rattling thunder, the voices of wild animals; but musical harmonies are universally understood to be quite independent of the imitation of any of these. Now, if it were admitted that painting is just as much an art as music, — just as free to seek its own sources of power, and to obey its own inward law, — we should be more just to painters than we are. Hamon and Froment are both, in a certain very peculiar sense, colorists, but not as Rubens was a colorist. Froment's color-experiments are amongst the most curious and interesting things I know. They would not be so much as looked at by some critics, and of course it is useless to defend or explain them. If the spectator sees the harmony, he is independent of the commentator; and if he is blind to it, no commentary can be of any use. The harmonies of form are, perhaps, rather more obvious; and the spectator must be insensible indeed who does not perceive them in the works of these artists. Before leaving the subject of Classicism, it may be observed that it tends more and more to the

THE GARDENER.

Heaton

definitive abandonment of light and shade, and even of modelling, paying infinite attention to grace of outline. The imitation of nature it has quite rejected, and assumes that art should be frankly conventional. The last point reached by this school was marked by Froment's picture of the "Graces" in the Salon of 1867, which depends almost wholly on outline, simply filled up with almost flat tints. It was very lovely, but not at all what the modern reader understands by the word "picture." Classicism of this kind is quite as good and genuine as that of an Etruscan vase; it is entirely sincere, perfectly accomplished, and though an anachronism in these days if considered with reference to the outer world, it is not at all an affectation, being the simple expression of the artist's predominant thought.

It is difficult to say whether the men of the school of David would have found pleasure in the knowledge that Classicism would come finally to this. Perhaps they were not prepared to go quite so far; the "Socrates" or the "Horatii" of David may have marked the limits of their ambition in this direction. At one time they seem to have been unaware of the future leadership of Ingres. The day of Girodet's funeral several eminent artists met to accompany his remains to the cemetery, and the conversation turned on the danger to classical art from the already powerful romantic heresy, and the need for some strong defender of the principles of David, then in exile.

Gérard considered himself unequal to this task, and Gros, in spite of his successes in other fields, severely blamed himself for his departures from the doctrines of his master; in saying this he was visibly affected, and his voice betrayed emotion. It may be observed that the classical faith, like other religions, often retains great influence over the thoughts and speech of men long after it has ceased to affect their practice; and as we often see men who are orthodox Christians in profession, and even in creed, yet practically devoted to the pursuit of wealth and worldly enjoyment, so in art there have been many instances of painters who sincerely, so far as theory was concerned, accepted the yoke of Classicism, but wore it in such a manner as to allow them to paint in any way that seemed agreeable or lucrative. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gros were of this class; and an intimate personal friend of Eugène Delacroix told me that in theory he was rigidly orthodox, though in practice not only a heretic, but a heresiarch. Later in life, however, Gros is supposed by some to have so bitterly regretted his aberrations as to have been gradually led by these regrets to the idea of self-destruction; but his suicide was due to a variety of causes, amongst which the most powerful appears to have been the loss of physical health, and after this domestic troubles and the acerbity of criticism. In the history of recent French art Gros has an important place as the father of modern battle-painters; and

the "Pest at Jaffa," which is generally regarded as his masterpiece, was a definite transition from the coldness of classical arrangements to the less methodical composition which is suitable to genuine tragedy. But the most influential work in this direction was Géricault's famous "Raft of the Medusa," which every reader who knows the Louvrè will remember, in the large room full of French pictures, where it hangs opposite to the "Sabine Women," by David. Géricault was a pupil of Guérin, but never took well to the classical teaching, which did not harmonize with the tendencies of his nature; and Guérin, with the usual classical narrowness, endeavored to dissuade him from painting, on the ground of natural inaptitude. Géricault exhibited his "Raft of the Medusa" at the Salon of 1819, where it seems to have attracted some attention; but it was afterwards exhibited in London, where it was better appreciated, and Géricault got £800 for the loan of his work, which was all the money he made by it. After his death some "amateurs" offered £800 for it, with the intention of cutting it in four, because it was too large for their rooms! This only shows the incredible ignorance of these amateurs as to what a picture is: a picture, if it is worth anything, is a whole, and can no more be cut up without killing it than a living animal can. If you cut a fine horse into four parts, you do not make four ponies of him, but four heaps of dog's meat; and so if you cut a big picture into four

parts, you do not make four little pictures of it, but four shreds of canvas. This is elementary, and should be understood by everybody; fortunately it was understood by an intelligent Frenchman, named Dreux d'Orcy, who bought the picture; and another wise man — Monsieur de Forbin — plagued the government of the day till finally he got it into the Louvre.

The "Raft of the Medusa," considering the circumstances of its production, is one of the most remarkable pictures in the world. It has been severely criticised, but not very fairly, because critics, in this instance, as in many others, speak of the merely positive merits of the work, without taking into consideration the isolated position of the young artist who conceived it. He was not isolated after the publication of the picture, for it was hailed by many young men as an example fairly representative of the most recent ideas, and a right protest against the declining authority of those advocated by David; but in the conception and execution of it he can have had little support from the approbation of painters of influence. I do not entirely like the "Radeau de la Méduse;" but it has always appeared to me an eminently sincere work, and all the better for having so little artistic principle; for such principles as it has are negative, the negation of traditional authority being the chief. Géricault had evidently been profoundly affected by the horrors of that terrible

shipwreck, thinking of nothing so much as the full rendering of his impression, and neither caring whether he painted naked flesh or clothes, dead men or living men, determined to make others feel what he felt. And in this he succeeded, nor has the picture to this day lost its power.

Eugène Delacroix worked, mentally, in the same direction, but his temper was more excitable than that of Géricault. Delécluze attributes the romantic development of the French school to three influences, —German mysticism, Byronism, and Scott's novels. During his whole life Delécluze remained, as a critic, sincerely attached to the principles of his master David, and Romanticism for him was an unhappy aberration. The present writer is as far from Romanticism as from Classicism, and carefully keeps himself aloof from all artistic sects and coteries whatever; Romanticism, therefore, appears to him neither a pestilence nor an absurdity, but one of the movements in the life of art, which, however strange they may appear when considered by themselves, are often of the greatest ultimate benefit, and always, at least, serve the purpose of preventing that most fatal of all diseases, stagnation. Wise people of staid habits, and, in their generation, of fixed opinions, who do not believe that anything better is discoverable than their own views about things, must find themselves in a strangely restless, uncertain, quarrelsome, and disorderly world, when they venture into the domain of

Art. The great artistic movements — Classicism, Romanticism, Pre-Raphaelitism, Realism — are nothing more than tentatives in three different directions which must always be made, though not necessarily in these precise ways, nor under these precise names. The classical idea is discipline; the romantic, passion; the pre-Raphaelite and realist, nature. It is absolutely necessary to the artistic experience of the human race that these three notions should have been made the subject not only of theory, but of actual experiment, — that pictures should have been painted by Ingres to show what discipline could do; by Delacroix, to show the value of passion; by Courbet, to show the availableness of common material. Theories which have never been carried into visible forms have an extremely feeble hold on ordinary humanity, but experiments interest and teach. It appears to be a law of nature that mankind should teach itself by experiments; and violent partisans are ever ready to make them at their own cost, giving life, health, and means, and incurring the utmost severity of censure, for the pleasure of realizing their ideas. And as our political education is drawn from the variety of the world's political experience, — from actual trials of despotism, constitutionalism, oligarchy, democracy, from military government, from presidential government, from cabinet government, so our critical education in the fine arts is derived from the variety of artistic experience, — from actual experi-

ments in the arts of discipline, of passion, of observation. The wise critic, so far from feeling irritation or hostility against sects of painters for their extravagances, is only too happy to meet with them in the interest of his own culture; and the romantic heresy is as welcome to him as the French Revolution to a political student.

The romantic influence may have come to the French artists through Byron and Scott, but it is probable that they would have gone through some similar movement if those poets had never existed. What chiefly distinguishes Byron from his classical predecessors is passion, in combination with unusual manliness and audacity. His personal unhappiness, which was very real and due to an ill-regulated mind and shattered constitution, has exposed him to the charge of affectation, because he made of it so much valuable literary capital; but, though occasionally capable of *posing* for effect, he was, on the whole, one of the most honest writers who ever lived; and, when excited to a certain degree, he is *always* honest, and capable of braving the opinion of all mankind, though he sensitively dreaded it when the bold verse came to be printed. His poems had no form, but infinite felicity and clearness of expression, and fire enough to heat a generation. Scott, on the other hand, though capable of passion, and having much true passion in the depths of his great nature, was never carried away by it,

and in all his career thought much of externals, — of costume, of furniture, and of those other externals, rank and the poetry of wealth. It would be inaccurate to push this distinction too far, because Byron is by no means insensible to outward glitter, and there are passages of intense passion in Scott; but it is not unfair, in a general way, to speak of Scott as a great master of costume and incident, and of Byron rather as the poet of two absorbing passions, — love, including the desire for beauty; and hatred, including the thirst for vengeance; and remorse, which is the hatred of self; and despair, which is hate of life. Thus Romanticism, from its origin in the works of these poets, had a twofold character: it took a great interest in externals of any kind, provided only they were picturesque; and it abandoned the calm dignity which was the classical ideal for the representation of intense passion. Socrates stretching forth his hand for the cup of hemlock, and pausing only because he is finishing some sentence of grave and quiet counsel, is a subject exactly fitted for classical treatment, because, though the scene is tragic, the great actor is so dignified and calm; but the romantic sentiment would not naturally select that incident. There is a silver-hilted yatagan in the museum at Autun, with a silver sheath. The last owner of it was an Algerian chief, who, being surrounded by the victorious French, swore that he would not yield, and plunged the

dagger in his heart. Now that incident was much more in the way of Byron, or Scott, or Delacroix, than the death of Socrates. Byron would have liked the wild passion and defiance; Scott would have vividly described the costume and the rapid excitement of the incident; and Delacroix would have painted the scornful face, the gleaming, silver-hilted dagger, the brilliant dresses, and the dazzling African light.

III.

EUGÈNE DELACROIX is one of the most interesting figures in modern art-history. Unlike Ingres, whose constitution was robust, Delacroix had to contend against the disadvantage of delicate health, — a greater hindrance in painting than most people are disposed to believe. The art of painting, especially on large canvases, makes heavy drafts on the physical powers; and when the artist is frail in organization, either produces rapid exhaustion or develops excessive nervous action, which leads to irritability. Persons who have never attempted to paint are often most unjust to artists in regarding their work as easy, and their intervals of necessary rest as mere idleness. For some happy and exceptional natures painting, no doubt, may be as easy as most other pursuits; but these natures are very rare, and the great majority of artists work always in a state of tension. The comparison I am going to use has the defect of ludicrous associations, but is the most apt illustration that suggests itself. At village merry-makings there is often a greased pole with a prize of some sort at the top of it, and he who can climb to the prize wins

it. It is by no means easy work climbing for that prize, and if any onlooker thinks so he is much mistaken. Now the majority of artists are climbing greased poles every day of their lives; and as nineteen out of twenty, or, perhaps, ninety-nine out of a hundred, never win the prize of wealth or fame they have been striving for, it follows that they work under a most depressing sense of discouragement. They work with all their faculties at full strain, always endeavoring to reach some higher point; and as there is often some lack of natural qualification or some mistake in aim or defect in training, many painters are condemned to suffer one of the most bitter afflictions known to the human mind, — the consciousness that their life has been a mistake and their labor vain. In the case of Delacroix, the inward torment was of two kinds: first, a painful anxiety to get his genius fully expressed before his health finally gave way; and then a torturing consciousness that he could not draw, — a defect he struggled to remedy in various ways, even to copying photographs, but always without result. His life was a long fever, caused by the drain of a nervous expenditure always beyond his means, — his poor constitution had not only to feed a continuous flame of invention, but to supply regular energy for an industry as steady and as unflinching as if his occupation had been one of simple routine. The reader may remember a page of Thackeray where the novelist

expatiates on the facility of the labor of painters, and the enviable liberty of mind which enables them to work surrounded by their friends, and while taking part in animated conversation, or listening to a reader; but Thackeray failed to add that this is true only of some painters, and true of them only at certain times, when they manually execute what has already been mentally decided. It was never true of Eugène Delacroix, who either refused admission to his painting-room or, when he admitted anybody, ceased work on the instant. If painters had the courage to bolt the doors of their studios on the inside and fix on the outside the inscription, "No admission," their pictures would probably gain as much as their social relations would lose. Delacroix valued his friends, but in his hours of work he belonged to his art alone, and resolutely bolted his doors. Like other French painters who have pupils, he kept them out of his painting-room, but visited them more frequently than is customary. Everybody who has penetrated into the private studio has remembered the great warmth, without which Delacroix found it impossible to do anything. It was a place, it seems, fit for palm-trees and boa-constrictors. In the evening, Delacroix went to see his friends, and talked well; he is said to have been exceedingly agreeable. He was a perfect gentleman and man of the world. His father was a man of position and ability, and Minister for Foreign Affairs

before Talleyrand, so that Delacroix had an hereditary place in society independently of that which his own genius afterward created for him. The sacrifices which he made for his art were, therefore, the more real: he gave his days to work, distributed his time with strict method, and abstained from marriage, — probably from a dread of interruption. He never cared to please buyers, and would not let them intrude upon his time. He entirely scorned the mercantile skill with which artists sometimes turn their studios into shops. He earned much less money than he might have earned, and left a fortune of £400 a year, accumulated more by economy than by the largeness of his income. But there seems to have been nothing sordid in his economy; it was mere simplicity of habits and indifference to the pleasures of expense. In all points of conduct Delacroix was a model for artists, — his industry, his singleness of purpose, his constant anxiety to cultivate his mind, his indifference to wealth, to pleasure, to worldly advantages, are all valuable examples. As an artist, he had true and intense genius; but, wanting constitutional calm, had no repose, and so fell short of greatness. Still I do not begrudge him his considerable fame, or his leading position as an artistic chief. The comparison between Ingres and Delacroix has been made very often, and is one of the most curious contrasts possible. Ingres, though personally irascible and disagreeable, worked in great

calm; Delacroix, being the more perfect gentleman, had calm of manner, but when shut up by himself in his studio lost this forced calm, and became impetuous, excited, eager. Most of the faults of his art are due to this unhappy nervous excitement. His worst pictures are full of wild daubing, which conveys a painful impression of hurry and anxiety. Such art as this is painful, because the artist seems nervously afraid that his idea may slip away from him before he has had time to realize it. Delacroix has an immense reputation as a colorist, which is deserved so far as this, — that he had a strong natural faculty for color, but it was seriously hindered in its development by nervous violence and over-statement, and there are many passages in his works of almost intolerable crudity. His love of vigorous action is neither to be praised nor blamed; some great artists have had it, and others equally great have been remarkable for a precisely opposite taste. The influence of Delacroix on the French school has been, to a certain degree, but not in all ways, salutary. He was truly a painter, — his works are not colored drawings; and in this sense his example was beneficial. He grasped things in the middle, and took in both color and projection, leaving outline to take care of itself, and giving the necessary indicative touches or daubs, selecting them generally with a right instinct. In this way he did good to the younger men; but he did them harm by the wild inspiration of his manner,

which, in their attempts at imitation, became pure impudence. Very much of the thoroughly impudent painting, which we so often find in the contemporary French school, may be traced to Eugène Delacroix.

Horace Vernet contrasts very strongly with Delacroix in one point, — his perfect independence of interruption and capability for working amongst any amount of disturbance. He could have painted as easily in a play-ground full of schoolboys as in a private room in the country; and his studio was a regular lounge, where idlers chattered and smoked and fenced and sang and played or brayed the French horn all day long. This may be partly accounted for by the fact that in his art there is no aspiration, and therefore no necessity for that mental elevation which can only be attained in calm. There is a custom in the Roman Catholic communion which shows that religious people have felt this necessity as much as some poets and artists. Before the great festivals of the Church, when the faithful intend to take the sacrament, they often, in order to reach a higher state of the soul, leave their friends for a season, and seek in the tranquillity of some convent or monastery a retreat from the tumult of the world. So the great poets have often meditated their best works in the peace of the remote country, — by some tranquil and tree-shaded river, by some beautiful lake, or in the heart of the silent mountains, or on the shore of the monotonous sea. And if a man *never* feels this great need

to be alone, he may be powerful and enterprising, he may be very clever, very active, and very successful, but it is quite impossible that he should attain to the regions of high thought and tender sentiment where the great poets habitually dwell. Horace Vernet was always in his art a soldier and man of the world, but neither a poet nor a great artist in the true sense. I doubt very much whether Horace Vernet has any claim to be called an artist at all, if the word is understood to mean a workman who has art for his object. He was a man of endowments so marvellous that the distinction between his consummate power and the power — usually far less consummate — of true artists does not exist for the multitude. They are conscious of a prodigious talent, in which they do not err; and they call the prodigy an artist because he uses brushes and a palette. By true artists and true critics such work as that of Vernet would be considered good for popular galleries, where the masses seek for amusement, and well adapted for the commemoration of military events, — an art for the soldiery and the populace, an art for barracks and Crystal Palaces; but no one who has any perception of the nature of art would care to see works by Horace Vernet in galleries which exist for that which is art in a far higher sense.

After spending some years in the observation and analysis of the artistic faculties, we become familiar with the fact that certain special gifts often exist in conditions of abnormal development without produc-

ARABS HUNTING THE WILD GOAT.

H. Vernet.

ing the results of genius, which requires quite as much a certain balance and proportion of the faculties as their activity. The special gift of Vernet was memory, and in that it is probable that no painter ever equalled him. Turner had a good memory; but we have no evidence that it was strictly accurate, because his representations of objects and places were always so remote from the literal truth, and we have no means of ascertaining how far these departures from the fact were wilful, or how far due to a sublime inaccuracy of the memory, which in his case may have been most happily deceived by the imagination. But whether the memory is deceived by the imagination, or by any other cause of inaccuracy, the fact of inaccuracy remains; and Turner's memory seems to have been essentially inaccurate, though crowded with innumerable images. Vernet, on the contrary, having no imagination whatever in the high artistic sense, but an inconceivably retentive memory, held images which, though innumerable, were *not* inaccurate. His knowledge of men and animals and his accomplished manual skill were fully equal to the claims which his memory made upon them. If a soldier spoke to Vernet in the street, Vernet could photograph him in three or four comprehensive glances, and retain the image of him for years, so clear in every detail as to be serviceable to paint from. No painter ever rivalled Vernet in genuine vivacity; he never dreams, never goes out of the real world,

but is always alert and alive. This gift is a very useful one in the world, and those who possess it get on better than men liable to frequent fits of absence. It is useful also in helping men to advance their work; and Vernet's way of painting, though not in all respects the best way, shows how clearly and regularly images came to him. He laid every detail on the canvas at once, and it used to be said of him that "where his brush had once been there it went no more." Minds of the highest quality have never this certainty; their thoughts vary continually like a natural landscape, passing from obscurity into light, and losing themselves again in untraceable mystery. If they seem quite clear and decided in statement, it is because they wait for the clear moments, and note them, not troubling the spectator or reader with the long seeking and waiting, when the thought is found and lost and found again. But the business intellect is prompt and ready; and Vernet, in his way, was a man of business, combining the faculties of a captain and an army clothier. He was personally estimable, — a very kind and amiable man, always ready to oblige, and thoughtful for others who asked no favors. A hundred anecdotes are told of his good-nature. This good-nature, as often happens, was united in him with a little vanity; and we read without surprise of his ordering his valet to bring his box of decorations, and tumbling them all on the table, a glittering heap of ribands and stars.

After all deductions from the popular estimate, the Vernet which remains is a wonderful personage. He conceived figures in action well; he knew the folds and creases of cloth whatever position the wearer took, — a knowledge of great utility to a painter of modern armies, and very much rarer than is commonly believed. He knew the horse by heart, and many instances may be cited of his energetic rendering of the animal. Of color, in the artistic sense, he seems to have been ignorant or careless; but the habit of painting modern military uniforms would destroy the best color faculty in Europe in three years. The infernal glare of crude colors which is presented by such costumes as Vernet studied is worse for the eye of an artist than anything art has ever attempted, except the scarlet of the hunting-field; and no true colorist *would* paint them, if the refusal entailed starvation. But Vernet imitated colors in a skilful, popular way; and his hues are more supportable than those of some other military painters.

If we admit that art has two values, — one as art, the other as a record — we must place Vernet in the highest rank of the painters whose merit is to have recorded events. His pictures must always be interesting as true historical pictures; the French soldier of the present day has found no painter who more entirely sympathized with him. Vernet loved his models and knew them; they used to call him "colonel," for which there was the excuse that he

was a colonel of National Guards, and he accepted and liked the title. He gave himself military airs, and often wore a sort of military costume, and spoke, it is said, of "our campaigns." He was full of spirit and valor, and attacked great canvases with a buoyant courage quite justified by his success. Like the Chasseurs and Zouaves he painted, he retained in mature life much of the gay carelessness of boyhood. Without being impudent, he spoke to kings in a frank, independent way that must have occasionally rather astonished them. He had excellent health, was immensely industrious, and always cheerful, till his latter years, when the death of his daughter, Madame Delaroche, saddened him.

Vernet was neither a "classic" nor a "romantic;" but of the two he had naturally most sympathy with Romanticism, and painted one picture — "Edith seeking the Body of Harold" — which may be considered as belonging to that movement. He took a much wiser course than that of attaching himself to any artistic sect or party, — he obeyed the law of his own instinct. There is every reason to believe that Vernet was a perfect instance of a man who, without ever going astray from the path assigned to him by nature, fully developed his own gift; and instances of this kind are the more interesting and valuable for their extreme rarity. It seldom happens that a man's natural faculties converge to one point; most men are endowed with germs of various ability which

cannot all be permitted to grow without impoverishing each other mutually; and the consciousness of possessing these different endowments leads to hesitation in labor, and to a fatal scattering of effort. The public, which judges only performance, and is usually incapable of detecting great powers unless they have been thoroughly trained, is always ready to moralize on the folly of men of genius who, from a mistaken estimate of their gifts, have supposed themselves capable of doing this thing or that, which the nullity of their attempts proves to have been quite beyond their natural talent. In cases of this kind, the man of genius may have failed practically from want of time to develop his power, and yet have been right in supposing himself to have been endowed with such a power by Nature. He has lacked wisdom in following the dictates of an instinct which it would have been more prudent to disobey, and in publishing attempts which it would have been more politic to suppress; but he did not over-estimate the bounty of Heaven at his birth. The only ridicule of this kind which has ever been cast on Vernet was that he supposed himself endowed with military capacity; and the unkind writers, who will never allow the possibility of capacities they have not measured, sneered at the military genius of a man who was only a general on canvas and a colonel of National Guards. If Horace Vernet *did* believe himself to have military genius, it seems probable that he was right; the

mere love of soldiers which was his dominant passion through life, indicates the presence of the military instinct; and when an instinct is strong, the corresponding faculty is seldom absent. But, whatever may have been his beliefs or illusions, the point I have to insist upon here is that they never hindered his proper work, — that he had enough soldierlike feeling to make him take a delight in painting soldiers, and do the work well, but not enough to make him leave his palette for the study of military science or the literature of warfare. He was illiterate, and it is said by M. Théophile Silvestre that he spelt badly, but I never saw any of his letters. This, however, is possible enough, for Horace Vernet earned his own living as a painter when a boy of thirteen, and never had much time for literary studies; besides which, it may be remarked that French is a difficult language to spell for persons who have only learned it by ear, and not grammatically.

Whilst on the subject of military art, we may mention two or three of its subsequent phases. The most coarse and truly vulgar of military painters is Pils, whose glaring daubs, of gigantic dimensions, are liberally purchased by the Government, whilst their author receives the honors of his profession. The reader may remember a picture by him in the Exhibition of 1867, representing a reception of Algerian chiefs by the emperor and empress of the French. I have never seen so perfect an instance of this par-

ticular kind of art-degradation. Painters have often before condescended to flatter the pride of powerful sovereigns, but the adulation has been accompanied by art. In this instance the picture was as much painting in the true sense as the reports of the same scene by the Government penny-a-liners were literature; the fierce glare of the colors corresponded to the ardors of the bought journalist. In another picture, of nearly equal dimensions, a company of colossal riflemen sprawled on their bellies in the foreground, displaying a row of gaiters and shoes, with odd results to the grace of the composition. Adolphe Yvon, a pupil of Delaroche, is an artist of very respectable rank as a narrator of military incident. His pictures are full of movement, and the painting is sober and straightforward, quite free from every kind of affectation: it has, however, very little interest derived from intellect or feeling. There are many other military painters whose names it is unnecessary to mention; but one of them, Protais, has discovered new material in warfare, leaving to others the purely military spirit, and studying soldiers, for the first time in the history of art, simply as human beings placed in circumstances of great interest. Hitherto, painters have looked upon battle-fields too much with the eye of a general or a captain; they have massed battalions and led companies of skirmishers, but more with the pride that celebrates victory than the quiet observation of a philosopher

equally interested in victory and defeat. In the pictures of Horace Vernet and his imitators we have little more than patriotic narratives of French successes; the men are represented with great truth, but it is superficial truth; and the expressions on their faces and attitudes have a narrow range of rude and elementary feeling: they are either simply eager and brave, or ferocious, or afraid. But in actual warfare there must, of course, be an infinite variety of expression, just as there is in civil life; and we may reasonably suppose that men of various organization, in circumstances of imminent peril, though they happen to be clad in the same uniform, would not exhibit a precise uniformity of emotion. The merit of Protais is to have discovered this new source of interest, and to have painted soldiers not as atoms in great masses, but as individual men. We feel before his pictures that the men before us have personal characters and names, that they are not merely Chasseurs or Zouaves, but Jean and Hippolyte and Anatole, with parents at home very anxious about them in remote farm-houses somewhere in Burgundy or Brittany or Lorraine. This idea of the individuality of the soldier is very new to the modern mind, because from our habit of reading histories written purely from a general's point of view, and counting men in great totals of five or six figures, we think no more of them than we think of this or that particular sovereign in Rothschild's purse. Soldiers of Napoleon, gold pieces of Rothschild, particles of

BEFORE THE ATTACK.

Protatis.

the greatness of a man, that come and go unobserved if only the great total shows no lessening.

The picture entitled "Morning before the Attack" represents a small body of Chasseurs de Vincennes, marching warily towards the enemy, on hilly ground, in the cold light of the early morning. There is no glare of color; but the dark uniforms harmonize pleasantly with the gray sky and dewy green mountain-ground. The execution is modest and simple, a little too methodical, perhaps, but without dash or bravura; and the spectator is made to understand that the artist would rather he felt the awfulness of the moment than wandered from the matter to admire pretty tricks of execution or clever bits of detail. The most striking thing about the picture is the timid, scared, anxious look of all the young soldiers. Soldiers, I am told, on going for the first time into battle always feel very nervous, and look so too, bobbing their heads invariably on the first discharge of the enemy's cannon. But they are brave at heart for all that, these young Chasseurs of Vincennes, and march along with their anxious young faces to the enemy. The veterans are calm and business-like; one of them, with medals on his breast, carefully examining the lock of his musket, another stooping to arrange his legging. The trumpeters are going to sound the advance; they hold their trumpets ready, but the mounted officer, with a little gesture of his left hand, says, "Not just yet." In the "Evening

after the Combat" we recognize the same faces, yet not quite all, for some are lost now. The young officer is looking with intense sadness on the body of an Austrian already stiffening in the grass at his feet. There is an Austrian prisoner or two amongst the group. One of the trumpeters has been wounded in the leg, and is sitting down looking at his wound in a contemplative manner, wondering whether it will be a very bad job. There is scarcely any blood in the picture, but what there is is peculiarly awful. A veteran is wiping his red bayonet with a wisp of grass. No doubt, soldiers often wipe their bayonets in that way; but the tired, indifferent look of this one as he is doing it is a study. One of the most touching of Protais' pictures has for its subject a solitary young conscript dying by a little streamlet, deep in the green grass and fern. He is well hidden there, and safe from the hoofs of the cavalry, and he may die in peace. His agony will not be long; the blood is flowing from him quickly and reddens the pure water. Another picture by the same artist represents a group of French officers and soldiers on a steamer returning to France after the Crimean expedition; it was foolishly criticised on the ground that they did not look merry enough; but under such circumstances the joy is far too much mixed with sadness to produce hilarity. Friends, perhaps brothers, have been left under the turf of the battle-field or in the wards of the hospital, and during the

long absence some kind voice has become silent that would have given the tenderest welcome. Protais understood this because he has true feeling, but his critics could not see it.

One of the open secrets of criticism is that artists may, to a certain extent, be classed according to the degree of importance they attach to the subject. The more the artist devotes himself to purely artistic qualities, the less he cares for dramatic or historical interest. And although David chose such subjects as the "Death of Socrates," the "Oath of the Horatii," the "Thermopylæ," which were truly great subjects, still the most recent tendency of Classicism is to avoid all kinds of interest which may distract attention from the purely artistic qualities of beautiful form, delicate color, and perfect arrangement in composition. This tendency of the most recent classicists goes so far, that they are beginning to express contempt for all art which in any way depends upon the interest of the subject. Their feeling is that when an artist tries to attract the public to his work by appealing to the general interest in remarkable personages or events, it argues a want of confidence in the powers of art, and is either charlatanism or an unworthy condescension. To illustrate this feeling, it is enough to mention the French custom of giving what are called *primes* to newspaper subscribers. A French newspaper seldom entirely relies upon its own merit, but makes presents to its subscribers of

something that has nothing whatever to do with journalism, — as, for instance, Balzac's novels, or a history of France, or even an illustrated monthly magazine. English newspaper proprietors consider this custom degrading, and cannot help feeling a certain contempt for the journals which resort to it. "Why cannot a newspaper rely upon its own merit?" they say; "and if it is rich enough to give away books, why does it not devote the surplus to the improvement of its correspondence?" Now this is exactly the feeling which many artists of the present day are beginning to have with regard to literary interest, dramatic interest, historical interest, and all other such extraneous interests in the art of painting, which in their view are nothing better than *primes* to catch buyers who do not care for art. Painting, like journalism, should, in their view, offer nothing but its own merchandise. And the especial merchandise of painting they hold to be the visible melodies and harmonies, — a kind of visible music, — meaning as much and narrating as much as the music which is heard in the ears, and nothing whatever more. If it represents persons, it should not be for the persons, but for the beauty or power of the forms. Organic form being the most beautiful, these painters select it, and they prefer the nude, of course, as the pure expression of the form; but when they paint a woman they do not take the slightest interest in her personally, she is merely, for them, a certain beautiful and fortunate

arrangement of forms, an impersonal harmony and melody, melody in harmony, seen instead of being heard. It may seem impossible to many readers that men should ever arrive at such a state of mind as this, and come to live in the innermost sanctuary of artistic abstraction, seeing the outer world merely as a vision of shapes; but there is no exaggeration in the preceding sentences, they are simply true, and true of men now living. I wish the reader to conceive of such a mental condition if he can, — to imagine a state of mind in which the intellect of man is only interesting so far as it can express itself in graceful or noble movement, and the love of woman or child delightful only so far as it translates itself into tender cadences of curve. And then let him come to Paul Delaroche.

With Delaroche the human interest of the subject was the first thing; and though the artistic questions interested him also, and though he sincerely labored for the best art attainable by him, these questions with him were always secondary. He selected affecting themes, willingly availing himself of the pathetic interest inherent in the themes. This is proved by a simple list of a few of his principal works, but a sentence of his throws light upon his thought. "A picture," he writes, "often says more than ten volumes; and I am firmly convinced that painting as much as literature, may act upon public opinion," — act upon it, that is, morally and politically. So he

painted many remarkable personages and events: "Joan of Arc," "St. Vincent de Paul," "The Death of Queen Elizabeth," "A Scene on the Evening of St. Bartholomew," "Cromwell looking at Charles I. in his Coffin," "The Children of Edward IV.," "Richelieu in his Barge on the River," "Mazarin Dying," "Lady Jane Grey in her Last Moments," "The Assassination of the Duke of Guise," "Strafford," "Napoleon at Fontainebleau," "Marie Antoinette after her Condemnation;" and amongst his religious pictures, "The Virgin whilst Jesus is led to Execution," and "The Virgin contemplating the Crown of Thorns." In the selection of such motives as these we find quite an exceptional dwelling upon great misfortunes, because great misfortunes are very affecting, as we have had occasion to observe lately in the thrill of emotion which passed through Europe when it became known that the Emperor Maximilian had been shot. The sentence of death in that instance was, at least, as well deserved as the same sentence passed by Maximilian or his subordinates on Mexicans who had defended their liberty against a foreign usurper. The means used to support Maximilian, as we now know by a document emanating from Marshal Bazaine, were indiscriminate slaughter; but when a similar measure is applied to Maximilian himself, there is a cry of horror in a world which has no sympathy for the nameless Mexicans who were butchered in support of his

throne. The reasons for this are, that Maximilian was of royal blood, that he had been accustomed in Europe to a very agreeable and elegant existence, that Miramar was a paradise full of all manner of pleasantness; and the idea of the princely owner of all this not being allowed to return to it and enjoy it during a long life, but detained in Mexico to be shot, is affecting to all Europeans who appreciate the comforts of a good social position, and handsome houses with beautiful views.* As for the mere fact of a man being executed in Mexico, justly or unjustly, nobody here cares about it; there have been executions before and since that of Maximilian, but they have not distressed *our* feelings. Now this tendency of human nature to have boundless sympathy with the misfortunes of great people may always be profitably worked upon by an artist. Scott made the best of it; and the success of Delaroche in some of his most popular pictures was due to the address with which he touched the same fibre. Thus, in the "Napoleon at Fontainebleau," we have a man suffering great prostration and misery of mind because he has fallen from a position of extraordinary power. No misfortunes deserve less sympathy than his, and few have obtained more. When Delaroche

* Another reason, no doubt, is that Maximilian was well known to us, and had become a kind of personal acquaintance. This applies to royal persons generally. People have a difficulty in sympathizing with sufferers who are not known to them.

painted the handsome, sad face, and hopeless, helpless attitude of him who had no pity, he won for him the pity of innumerable spectators. Before his imperial desolation people forget the humbler grief of those who were made childless, homeless, fatherless by his egotism; and we have foolishly tender feelings for the sufferer from a most just, and only too gentle retribution, because he had enjoyed great worldly success, and had given himself the talisman of royalty. In the "Children of Edward IV." we have a misfortune wholly undeserved, but the sufferers are also royal; and in Charles I., a royal victim in the impotence of death makes us forget his offences against the State. It is quite remarkable in how many of Delaroche's pictures our sympathies are claimed for royalty or exalted rank, — and with the best policy, because the artist knew that they would be readily given.

As a painter, technically considered, Delaroche was very careful and very skilful. Before painting a picture he made studies of the composition, and of all the parts, and often also wax models of the groups.* He was slow and conscientious in work, and liked to work alone; he did not care for society; and though not an unhappy man, was decidedly a mel-

* For readers not much accustomed to artistic matters it may be observed that the wax used for such modelling is a composition of a red color, easily handled. It has nothing in common with the wax used for "wax-works," which are moulded.

THE CHILDREN OF EDWARD IV.

Delaroche.

ancholy one. He seems to have possessed talent and courage rather than genius; his works, however, are popular, and deservedly. Delaroche is one of the best artists who, in these days, have come down to the popular understanding. His execution has never any of the wonderful subtlety or short-hand, none of the suggestion of really great work which is readable only by the few; but then it also avoids most of the faults which often attend a popular manner. It is simple and clear, not very artistic, and certainly not at all poetical, though there is poetry, or a feeling for poetry, which is not quite the same thing, in Delaroche's choice and treatment of subjects. For instance, in his "Napoleon crossing the Alps," the artist shows that he understands the poetry of the simple fact; and Napoleon, pensive on his mule which another hand is leading, affects us more than David's general on his imaginary charger. Delaroche was not a creative poet; but, like some other elevated minds, had a sense of the poetical element in reality. When he abandons reality it is to his disadvantage. I have not seen his "Hemicycle" for some years, but remember being impressed rather with the trained steadiness of the execution than any vitality in the idea. A picture where men of different epochs are represented together must always seem incongruous, and the same objection applies to the Homeric ceiling of Ingres.

IV.

WHEN speaking of the art of Horace Vernet I said that it had "no aspiration;" we come now to an artist whose celebrity is almost entirely derived from his aspiration, Ary Scheffer.

Ary Scheffer was of mixed race, and adopted a country which was not that of either his paternal or maternal ancestry. His father was a German, his mother a Dutchwoman, and he himself became by adoption a Frenchman. He was born in 1795, and his father died about the year 1809. His mother was left with about £300 a year and three boys; she was very much beloved by her sons, who seem to have done their best to make life pleasant for her. Ary Scheffer was precocious as a painter, having exhibited in the Salon at Amsterdam when not quite twelve years old, and the picture was liked. Henri Scheffer had also an artistic turn; and the mother determined to give both an artistic education. For this purpose she emigrated to Paris, but before doing so sent Ary to Lille to study painting there. Mrs. Grote, in her life of Scheffer, gives a letter written by Ary's mother at this time, which is very interesting. She expresses

the hope that she may live to see him one of the first painters of the century, and even of all time. It is a common illusion with mothers to believe that their sons will become distinguished; but in this instance the maternal hope was so far realized that Scheffer became one of the most famous artists of his day. In Paris the art-school that Scheffer entered was that of Guérin.

All the circumstances of Scheffer's life were favorable to his artistic development. His father had been a respectable artist, with a competent private fortune, which was, however, reduced to half its former amount by governmental want of faith, it being invested in public securities before Madame Scheffer's widowhood. Madame Scheffer herself was an amateur painter of some ability, and both respected artists and understood the great aims of their existence. This union of intelligence of art in Scheffer's parents, with a degree of fortune sufficient for the necessaries of decent life, but happily insufficient to give him the companionship of young men of fashion, afforded the best possible conditions for the development of a young painter. Whilst still a youth Ary Scheffer painted great numbers of small pictures for sale, to help his mother, whose means were not large enough to educate her other children as she wished. She sold her jewels that her son Arnold might study Oriental languages, depriving her person of its ornaments that her son's mind might be adorned with jewels of

another order. This tendency to self-sacrifice, which in the case of Madame Scheffer belonged naturally to the maternal instinct, was in Scheffer's own case developed into a weakness that made his purse the common resource of all who chose to call themselves his friends, and of such friends, of course, he had many.

Scheffer, like David, led an ardent political life by the side of his artistic one; but whereas David's political career lowers him in the opinion even of his own party, that of Scheffer is always honorable, and its greatest fault is nothing worse than that want of prudence inseparable from all private political action. Like many other earnest men of his time, he was a "Carbonaro," and ran considerable risk. He and his brothers had become, as one of them said, "Frenchmen heartily and passionately;" and they took part in the great silent movement against the Bourbons, when the mine was laid which exploded in 1830.

Scheffer will be remembered as a friend of the Orléans family. He was introduced to them by Gérard in 1826, and became their drawing-master, and soon afterwards their friend. In his capacity of drawing-master he was once treated impertinently by one of the young princes, and he rigidly excluded him from all subsequent lessons. It is very curious that Scheffer was one of the two persons (Thiers being the other) who, in 1830, rode to Neuilly to tell Louis Philippe that he was to be king, and that

Scheffer should have also been one of the sad group that quitted the Tuileries in 1848, when he saw Louis Philippe into his cab. In the interval he was a frequent visitor at the palace, where he was greatly respected; but he never much liked Louis Philippe, and did not scruple to say so even to the queen, and in all his intercourse with majesty was the reverse of a courtier, which is probably the reason why his royal friends valued him. The house of Orléans, often sneered at for its *bourgeois* tastes, enjoyed what very few royal households do, the benefit of genuine human intercourse; and several honest men like Scheffer, who treated princes like human beings, were welcome in the royal circle. The intelligence and good sense which still mark the family of Louis Philippe may be due, in some measure, to this wise liberality; they were not educated as Grand Lamas, but as men and women. It may be doubted whether the heir to the empire will enjoy equal advantages.

The affectionate relation which existed between Scheffer and the Princess Marie reminds us of Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Grey. The princess was an artist by natural endowment, but as she devoted herself to the figure, encountered the one great impediment which stops the progress of all ladies similarly situated, — the impossibility of studying from life. This is a curious instance of the disadvantage of social position in some directions of the higher culture. A poor art-student would have been able to

draw from the living forms, but this gifted princess might not see nature; and even the plaster models she drew from were draped, "and very much draped," as Scheffer complained. Of course anatomy, or at least actual dissection, was equally beyond her reach; so she remained all her brief life artist in feeling, amateur in power, — a falcon with clipped wings taking little flights like a domestic fowl.

Scheffer, as an artist, owes his rank almost entirely to the elevation of his feeling. His drawing is usually correct and his taste refined; but his color is bad, and though his handling is neat from much practice, it has no artistic subtlety. The excellence of his personal character had some concern in his success: he was very much loved and respected, and so people valued him. I have a difficulty in admitting that any artist is a great painter who is not also a colorist; and Scheffer, by uniting bad color with considerable artistic merits of other kinds, has done positive harm to the art of painting. Of his personal preferences we learn something from Mrs. Grote's book, and I have also learned something more from the reports of his friends. He admired Ingres at one time considerably, but was by no means a classicist; indeed he underwent the German influence of Goethe, and the influences of Byron and Scott, and along with Delacroix and Delaroche was considered a leader of Romanticism. He had more of the German element than either of the others, which is

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

Ary Scheffer.

naturally accounted for by his German blood; and his good taste gave him a somewhat classical appearance of self-restraint and discipline. Of landscape he was wholly ignorant, and like most figure-painters could not understand that there were fields of study in that department of art lying outside the limits of his knowledge. He was a cultivated gentleman and man of the world, and had the habits of one, so far as they were compatible with the industrious pursuit of art. His great interest in politics gave him a common ground on which he habitually met men of distinction, who were more or less indifferent to painting. In this respect Scheffer enjoyed an advantage somewhat rare amongst artists, whose own pursuit is so engrossing that they are liable to be entirely absorbed by it. He died poor, having scarcely more than a year's earnings in advance; but this poverty was due to his great liberality, or incapacity to refuse assistance; not to personal self-indulgence. He will be remembered as an artist of high aim and pure sentiment, and a man of more than common political conviction and fidelity, but his influence upon art has been slight, and will not be durable.

Having seen the classical creed attacked by the solvent of Romanticism, we may now study another of its solvents, — the love of picturesque nature. This is not what is understood in France by "Realism," though it is closely connected with it. Courbet is said to be a "realist," but Troyon and Rosa Bonheur are

not spoken of as realists. Of course it is easy to argue that Rosa Bonheur paints reality just as much as Courbet, and so that she must be a Relist; but reasoning of this kind is puerile, because all language is conventional, and the meaning of a word is the meaning which is conventionally attached to it, — a meaning sometimes narrower, sometimes broader than that of the parent word.

In all countries where the classic feeling predominates, the sentiment about landscape is either sensuous or dull. The most famous classical authors saw nature with the eyes of poetical farmers and gardeners, but had not the modern delight in natural sublimity and infinity; and when the court ladies of the Renaissance, bred in a Classicism which, though false, had all the narrowness of its prototype, attempted at Versailles the realization of rustic bliss, it was natural that they should neither enjoy nor attempt to imitate such sublimity as really co-exists with rural labor, but translate it into the foolish prettiness which was all that they could imagine or understand. And since the French nation, or the cultivated part of it, has remained faithful to the classical feeling longer than we have, there exists in England an impression that the French mind is by nature incapable of any feeling for wild landscape and real country life at all equivalent to our own. It is possible that if the classic teaching had maintained its authority undisturbed till now, it would have succeeded in

repressing these sentiments, which can only flourish in bold rebellion against it; but the active movement against Classicism and the facts that the most powerful woman who ever wrote, and the most powerful woman who ever painted, were both bred outside of the classic schools, have emancipated a certain section of contemporary French writers and painters from Classicism in a sense so thorough, that not only do they not obey, but they do not consciously refuse obedience, simply ignoring Classicism altogether, and working as if it had never advanced a claim to authority over the human intellect. Ample illustration of this might be given from modern French literature; and in both tales and songs the two periods, first of rebellion against Classicism and next of absolute indifference to it, might be accurately marked.

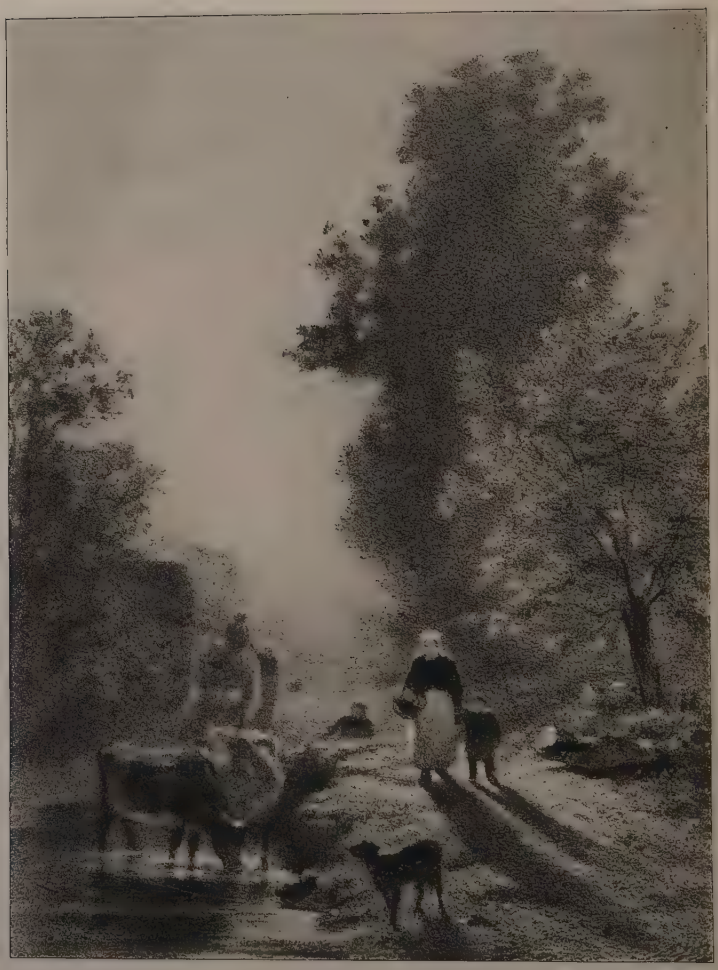
Constant Troyon was born at Sèvres in 1813, and in his youth painted in the porcelain manufactory there. The career which his parents intended him to follow was vase-painting, a career always obscure, but in which the very highest capacities for art may find expression. He quitted Sèvres, however, to paint in the studio of Riocreux, and after some excursions in the picturesque districts of France began to paint a class of pictures which earned him some reputation, and gradually led to the kind of art with which his name is now almost exclusively associated. On reference to the "Dictionnaire des Contemporains" I find that somebody has called him

the "Lafontaine of Painting," simply because he painted animals successfully; but Troyon's chief claim to praise as an animal painter is precisely the reverse of that which this misplaced eulogy would imply. Lafontaine made use of animals as mouth-pieces for the expression of ideas and sentiments which are altogether human, nor could any critic out of petticoats believe that the elaborate speeches in Lafontaine's verse represent the intellect of brutes. Troyon, on the other hand, confines himself to the simple fact, and does not even go so far towards humanity as some other painters, — Decamps, for instance, and Landseer. And this I hold to be rather a proof of Troyon's good sense and painter-like way of looking at things. When an artist imagines a human conversation between a dog and a wolf, he leaves the domain of the painter for that of the fabulist. An artist who paints ought mainly to concern himself with what is visible, or might be visible, without infringement of natural law. Now, although Troyon was not at all a literalist in art, for he always interpreted in the boldest and largest sense, still he kept to pure and rude nature, neither refining upon it by making animals cleaner and neater than they are, nor more intelligent. His design was not strictly correct, because, like a great artist as he was, he did not make pictures that were studies, but the results of study. People thought he could not draw, because of the royal freedom of his hand, and his noble prefer-

ence of great relations to minute accuracies; but when he was dead it turned out that, whilst his pictures showed this inexactness, he had been privately drawing studies all along for his own teaching, which were as remarkable for accuracy as his pictures were for freedom. Troyon was immensely industrious, and, though not of an avaricious temperament, amassed his million of francs. Like our own John Phillip, he always had a bewildering number of pictures on his easels at once, forty or fifty canvases in various stages of progress. He aimed chiefly at what is called in French *tonalité*, a word I have already endeavored to acclimatize in the "Saturday Review," and shall use henceforth with an English termination. The tonality of a picture does not mean what we are accustomed to understand by its tone; it means the gamut of tonic values. The fact that tonality has not hitherto been an English word results from our almost universal indifference to the thing. A picture, like a musical air, must be given in a chosen key, it cannot be painted in a jumble of keys. You may transpose nature from one key to another, just as you may transpose a musical air written in any major key to any other major key, but your key once chosen you must stick to it till the picture or melody is finished. But English painters and picture-buyers are, as a body, singularly indifferent to this matter of tonality; if isolated passages are brilliantly executed they accept

the work as good. Troyon's pictures have been bought in England, but the knowledge and taste which appreciate him are, with us, exceptional and rare; for with Troyon tonality is everything, the beginning and end of art; and the brilliant bits that delight our uncultivated judgment are, in the view of such an artist as Troyon, faults to be effaced at any cost. The childish fancy for neat touching on tufts of hair, dotting of white specks of brilliance on eye, and hoof, and horn-tip, and such other inanities, is as contemptible in the eyes of a truly great artist as a musical taste for the jingling of steel triangles. But as musical composers know that jingle pays, and condescend to use it occasionally to please a childish audience, so our English painters, even of ability, make themselves adepts in the art of neatness and glitter, which Troyon in his greatness disdained.

Troyon is one of the few artists for whom my admiration rises to enthusiasm. I see his faults as plainly as his detractors can; but by what magnificent qualities were those faults compensated and redeemed! His love of powerful tonality led him sometimes to work in so low a key that his color is often soiled with blackness; yet he was a colorist, and has reached noble results in quiet hues, as, for instance, in the "Oxen Going to their Work" in the Luxembourg, and in the "Ferry Boat" in Mr. Wallis's French Exhibition for 1867. The tones of gray in this last picture are as fine as anything in



LANDSCAPE; MORNING EFFECT.

Troyon.

modern art, not excepting the best works of Turner; and the thoroughly painter-like management of material gives the picture great value as an example. Let me dwell a little on this great quality. Artists learn to paint by analysis; they separate drawing from chiaroscuro, and chiaroscuro from color; they separate again all natural material as much as they possibly can, studying parts of animals, leaves of trees, fissures of rock, forms of cloud and wave. They make studies for composition, studies for color, studies for form, studies for tonality. But *painting*, in the true sense, is a comprehensive synthesis of all this knowledge, and the more entirely synthetic painting is, the better it is. Let us remember that analysis is the principle of study, and synthesis the principle of art. Now Troyon was a man of great diligence and energy in study; few painters have ever equalled, and none surpassed him in manly resolution to conquer the difficulties of his art. But though he understood that study was analytic, and could not be too analytic, when he came to paint pictures he gave the rich results of his knowledge all at once in harmonious synthesis; and this is why his manner is so painter-like and right. It is also the reason why his art is not so pleasing to incompetent judges as the work of far inferior artists; it seems to them as if he could not draw, because in his pictures he gives only just as much form as he needs; and they do not value his color because he never allows it to spoil

by specious brilliance, the large arrangements of his tonality. The touch of the brush in such consummate work as the "Ferry Boat" represents everything at once, and all in just proportion, form, color, light, and shade, and all modified by composition in form, composition in color, composition in light and shade. The synthesis is even yet more comprehensive, for there is *inter*-composition between form and color, between form and light and shade, between color and light and shade, and a vast system of compromises and balancings of which no one but a painter, and a painter who has aimed at like results, can have the slightest conception.

The reader may wonder why, in talking particularly about Troyon, I speak of this synthesis as if it were not common to all good art. It certainly is not common to all famous art. For example, no pure classic has the quality at all; such men as David and Ingres make painted drawing, but they do not paint with Troyon's comprehensiveness. Ingres did not even admit reflected color, and he admitted reflected light only so far as was absolutely necessary for explanation. He clung to his outline, and insisted upon drawing everywhere with such hard emphasis that, if he had not plainly told us, we should know that in his conception form was the whole of art. In the paintings of Froment chiaroscuro is altogether banished, and even projection is slightly indicated, form remaining in hard outline, and color in arrange-

ments of delicate tint. In our own English work, though it is becoming more synthetic than it used to be, we have usually a conception of color altogether independent of tonality, so that the most incompatible values, as lights and darks, are brought together if only they produce an effect of brightness and contrast. In the case of Troyon there was not always a complete synthesis, because very frequently his love of chiaroscuro absorbed too much of his attention, to the detriment of purity of color; but on the whole he is the most synthetic painter of the century, except Turner.

As a painter of the life of peasants and oxen he deserves this praise, that he saw the true poetry of it, and set it in no false light of imagination. This is much; but Troyon shares this credit with several other modern painters — the Bonheurs, Otto Weber, and others. He had, however, a more poetical mind than any other artist of the same class, and the poetry of the fields has never been more feelingly interpreted than by him. In the "Oxen Going to Work" we have a page of rustic description as good as anything in literature, — of fresh and misty morning air, of rough, illimitable land, of mighty oxen marching slowly to their toil! Who that has seen these creatures work can be indifferent to the steadfast grandeur of their nature? They have no petulance, no hurry, no nervous excitability; but they will bear the yoke upon their necks, and the thongs

about their horns, and push forward without flinching from sunrise until dusk!

I hear, as I write, the cry of the ox-drivers, — incessant, musical, monotonous. I hear it, not in imagination, but coming to my open window from the fields. The morning air is fresh and pure, the scene is wide and fair, and the autumn sunshine filters through an expanse of broken, silvery cloud. They are ploughing not far off, with two teams of six oxen each, — white oxen, of the noble Charolais breed, sleek, powerful beasts, whose moving muscles show under their skins like the muscles of trained athletes. When the gleams of sunshine fall on these changing groups, I see in nature that picture of Rosa Bonheur, "Ploughing in the Nivernais." This country is not the Nivernais, but it is within an easy drive of it, and the oxen and costumes are the same. Many an hour have I followed them to study their noble movements, and many days have I spent in the effort to record them. Such subjects as this "Ploughing" are as familiar to me as cabs to a Londoner who for some especial reason has for years given particular attention to cab-horses.

This personal experience is mentioned here to give all possible weight to my praise. No one ever painted oxen so truthfully as the two Bonheurs, Rosa and Auguste. They are not the greatest painters who ever attempted the ox, but they are the most faithful. And their fidelity is not confined

OXEN PLOUGHING.

Rosa Bonheur.

to the painful study of parts. They know the entire animal in life and action; they *possess their ox*, to use the pregnant French expression. *Possess* one's ox! How true and accurate is the phrase, when applied in this sense to accomplished artists who, by long study, have learned an animal by heart! Is there any other possession comparable to this? Does the mere fact of having bought a thing constitute a possession like this? Neither by purchase nor by inheritance can men ever come to possess in this full and perfect sense, but only by sympathy, by love, by labor.

And here let me observe that the first condition of sucess in animal-painting is this full possession. You cannot paint an animal in movement till you know him by heart; you must know his structure, the places of his bones and muscles, and the markings caused by every change of attitude. You must even know more than this; the mind and character of the animal must be familiar to you, and more than familiar — friendly. The amount of knowledge, and of gentle, condescending sympathy — a condescention of which only fine minds are capable — which is necessary to the painting even of a calf, is little dreamed of by persons of exclusively literary culture, who too often conclude that, because the calf himself has not much intellect or information, it does not require much of either to paint him. This confusion between the intellect of the subject and the intellect

necessary to grasp the subject has been the cause of a very curious old illusion. Figure-painters have imagined that, because man is a more intelligent animal than the ass — which, in exceptional cases, is undoubtedly true — the painter who represents men is superior in the same degree to the painter who represents asses. They do not consider, that by the mere fact of our human nature we have easy access to all human nature that resembles our own; whereas, to go out of our humanity, so as to enter fully into the existence of the inferior animals, requires either great effort of imagination, or the most comprehensive sympathy. Children and childish painters solve the difficulty in a very simple way, by attributing human sentiments to animals; and as the public easily enters into such human sentiment, it applauds them without too nicely considering how far they have studied the true character of brutes. The praise due to the Bonheurs is, that they have studied animals with the utmost simplicity of purpose. When Rosa Bonheur was a girl, she kept a sheep in a Parisian apartment, and since then has always kept animals. She does not look upon a lamb as a creature whose most delightful characteristic is to be served with mint-sauce, nor upon an ox as a mass of highly nutritive material, although this latter view seems to be generally prevalent.

Turning from this intelligent love of animals to more purely artistic considerations, I cordially recog-

nize in Rosa Bonheur the fruits of faithful study. She has always been a devoted student, loving her art above everything, and living an absorbed life. She is a very accomplished painter in her own way, and her natural gift is so decided as to amount to a kind of genius. But she is not, and never can be, a really great painter like Turner or Troyon; and her pictures, though of good sound quality, and thorough workmanship, and agreeable healthy sentiment, can never reach that inestimable value which belongs to great art alone. As to the prices they fetch, or may fetch hereafter, these depend on the amount of competition for them amongst the clients of the great dealers: what I mean by the word "value" in the preceding sentence does not refer to price, which is not the real criterion of value, but of popularity, or the popular belief in the dicta of the leaders of opinion. I am not sorry that the public should have enriched Rosa Bonheur; they pay her splendidly. I have seen work of hers which according to the price given must have paid her a hundred pounds for each day's labor. Positively there is nothing to regret or reprove in this large and liberal buying, but there is a relative aspect of it which is not quite so satisfactory. There are other cattle-painters, as good as Rosa Bonheur, who ought to be paid as well, and are not. If you give eight hundred pounds for a slight water-color by Rosa Bonheur, it is scarcely just to allow a large oil-picture by Otto Weber, full of manly and

accomplished work, to go unsold when the price is little above four hundred. There is some blindness in the exclusiveness of this favoritism, which went so far a little time ago that the striking qualities of Rosa Bonheur's own brother, Auguste, were not half appreciated in England. It is well to admire this accomplished woman — the most accomplished female painter who ever lived — but it is not well to allow this admiration to cause neglect of equally good artists, who have not had the good fortune to belong to her very interesting sex. This fact of sex was no doubt the foundation of a popularity which the artist's true talent and great industry afterwards maintained. A clever dealer saw how advantageously this might be worked, and made the best of it. The public came in thousands, not so much to see a fine picture, as to see a fine picture which had been painted by a woman. The artist's subsequent labors maintained the reputation so founded, and won for her, what is better than popularity, — the more serious and lasting, if less noisy, approbation of true critics and artists. Rosa Bonheur has in fact two reputations, — her popularity with the public, and the more moderate and reasonable esteem of cultivated persons. She is a good artist of the second class, equal to Otto Weber and her brother Auguste. The inferiority of all three to Troyon is exactly of the same kind as the inferiority of the Coles, as landscape-painters, to Constable or Crome.

Rosa Bonheur and Vicat Cole have striking powers of memory and imitation, but Troyon and Constable have stronger artistic sentiments. In one case the artistic sentiment asserts itself as supreme, but in the other is subordinate to a vivid impression of simple nature. Our own H. W. B. Davis is an animal-painter of the same rank as Rosa Bonheur, but his experience in this kind of art is as yet somewhat limited. His pictures are already in many qualities fully equal to hers, with the difference that his manner is essentially English. It is right, I think, to prefer Rosa Bonheur both to Verboeckhoven and Sidney Cooper, both of whom are more successful than they deserve, and more influential than, in the interests of true art, might be desirable. The comparison of Rosa Bonheur with Landseer is difficult, because their work meets on so few points. They resemble each other in being remarkable rather for accurate knowledge of animals, and manual dexterity, than for artistic invention, either in color, or chiaroscuro, or the arrangement of forms; they differ in the quantity of wit and intelligence they bring to their art. Outside of his painting Landseer is very clever and amusing, a capital mimic, a good story-teller; and he often introduces these elements into his art, sometimes to its detriment. But Rosa Bonheur has altogether a simpler nature, intelligent enough for what she has to do, yet not troubled with any kind of intelligence likely to spoil her art. As

to manual qualities, I prefer Rosa Bonheur's work. Landseer's is *too* dextrous: but at the same time, if execution is to be valued for unattainableness, Landseer has that quality in a supreme degree; no one will ever reach his miraculous sleight of hand.

Rosa Bonheur is, personally, most estimable. Unlike her great sister-artist, George Sand, she has found means of conciliating the liberty necessary to an artistic career with absolute purity of life. She does not, of course, submit to the tyrannical rules which regulate the conduct of French unmarried ladies in general, but society exempts her from these with that partiality and indulgence which it has for those who render it great services; and as Garibaldi may wear a red shirt in a drawing-room, so Rosa Bonheur may go about in the costume of a young man of the working-class without being hindered by the police, or reproved by the representatives of respectability. Many good stories are told of her adventures. One of the best refers, not to her habitual disguise, but to her working-dress. One day a friend came to take her to the *Théâtre Française*, and she painted till the last minute, when she suddenly put on a bonnet and got into the carriage just as she was, in a kind of dressing-gown, all spotted with drops of oil, and an old pair of yellow slippers; the hair, too, loose like a man's hair when it is allowed to grow rather long. The gentleman who had invited her to the theatre felt too much

embarrassed to suggest any improvement on this costume, so in they went. A dandy, who was put next to Rosa Bonheur, little dreaming who she was, went and complained that such persons should be admitted, and an amusing comedy followed, which ended in a rather severe lesson administered to the unfortunate fop, who, after all, had some reason on his side. Once, when Rosa Bonheur returned from an excursion in male costume, she heard that one of her friends was ill, and went immediately to see her without waiting to change. The doctor was present on Rosa Bonheur's arrival, but without thinking of her disguise, she affectionately kissed her friend, on which the doctor discreetly retired, under the impression that he was witnessing a scene of a still tenderer kind. He was called back in some haste, and introduced to the already celebrated artist, whose pictures were well known to him. Many anecdotes are told of her kindness and generosity. She is personally simple in her tastes, and absorbed in the pursuit of her art, so that her own wants are soon satisfied, and she has abundant means to help others, which she does willingly and effectually. The influence of character upon reputation is so great that Rosa Bonheur's fame will always shine the more brightly for her personal excellence; and she may come to be a type and representative of a class very valuable to society, — that of active and beneficent old maids.

V.

THE rustic pictures of Léopold Robert are higher in aim than those of Rosa Bonheur, and have more decided artistic intentions; but his color was never natural, or even agreeable, and his manner of painting was very inferior to that adopted by the whole Bonheur family in imitative felicity and truth. No painting ever approached so near imitation as that of Auguste and Rosa Bonheur without falling into some vulgarly deceptive trick of execution; but, though strikingly real in manner (realist, if you will, in the English, though not at all in the French sense), the Bonheurs always work on principles of interpretation, and have never condescended to catch the taste of the lower public by any rendering of detail imitative enough to injure the effect of the whole work. So far, they are genuine artists; but their arrangements of subject seldom exhibit much care or thought, and are usually simple in the extreme; nor is their simplicity of that inimitable kind which is the last achievement of genius. The greatest praise which can be given to Rosa Bonheur as a composer is that she composes very naturally, that

ITALIAN REAPERS.

Robert.

there is seldom any awkwardness in her arrangements, and that, if there is little art in her composition, so there is equally little pretension to art. Léopold Robert may be remembered for qualities in many respects opposed to the qualities of Rosa Bonheur. Where she is neither great nor ambitious, he was already distinguished, and coveting still higher distinction; and where she is brilliantly successful, he contented himself with laborious mediocrity. She is an infinitely stronger and better *painter* than Léopold Robert ever was; in comparison with the truth and richness of her style, his painting was dry and cold. But he had one great gift, — he composed with an inimitable grace. I know how much may be said against his composition on the score of its obviousness; his art was not of the kind which hides art, except from the uninitiated. No one who knows that there is such a thing as composition can fail to see how earnestly Léopold Robert thought out the arrangements of his groups; but it seldom happens in the visible arts, whatever may be the case in poetry, that composers of remarkable accomplishment are anxious to hide their craft. The arrangements of Raphael and Nicolas Poussin are generally as obvious as arrangements well could be; and in landscape-painting it requires little critical discernment to discover those of either Turner or Claude. The quotation which follows is from an article of mine on Proudhon in the "Fortnightly

Review," and still accurately expresses my opinion of Léopold Robert:—

"His pictures of Italian peasants have long been very popular in France, where they are rendered familiar by engravings. They have a great charm, an infinite grace of composition and delicate sense of beauty. No artist ever more admirably rendered the harmony of moving forms. His groups are arranged with such consummate art, that no limb, however, joyously active, violates the profound accord. Hence we yield to these works as we yield to beautiful music; they are the music of forms in motion. We are filled with a deep satisfaction, and are glad that an order so exquisite should thus be arrested forever. For, in the actual world of men, beautiful groupings like these are scarcely seen ere they are shattered; but in the works of a painter like Léopold Robert the elastic limbs hold themselves unwearyingly, and the fair forms bind themselves together in a permanent edifice of grace.

"Whether Italian peasants ever *do* arrange themselves so felicitously, whether their limbs are so delicately moulded and their faces so ideally beautiful, I cannot undertake to affirm. Proudhon utterly disbelieves these pictures. 'There is not corn enough on the cart,' he says, 'for a real harvest, nor any genuine rustic life in these peasants of a painter's dreamland.' Very possibly Proudhon is right. Léopold Robert may have pursued an ideal which, so far as actual rustic life is concerned, must be pronounced false in its superlative refinement. Yet, though his gift may have been injudiciously employed, it was a great gift and a rare one, and art can achieve no perfect work without it."

Readers who are familiar with the etchings of Charles Jacque, but not acquainted with his pictures,

THE RETURN OF THE FLOCK.

C. Jacque.

may wonder, as I remember wondering some years ago myself, how it is that an artistic gift in many respects evidently so exceptional should not have won for its possessor greater fame as a painter. But no one who knows the pictures of this gifted but incomplete artist, can be surprised at his comparative obscurity. He understands sheep thoroughly, and the picturesque of pastoral life, but he does not understand painting. His color, even amongst the bad color so common in the French school, is pre-eminently detestable. It is not the place here to speak of his etchings, and I feel the less tempted to diverge into that subject, for that I have devoted a volume to that particular art.* But it is necessary, in justice, to say that the pictures of Charles Jacque represent him quite unfairly, and that his knowledge of nature, and fine artistic sensibility, are both neutralized on canvas by his congenital incapacity to see color. His greens are as crude as the worst English greens, and crude, if possible, in a more hopeless way; for English crudity in very many cases is nothing but a vain attempt to render natural brilliance, resulting from an extreme sensitiveness uncontrolled by science; whereas the crudity of Charles Jacque is not due to sensitiveness at all, but to mere blindness. His ordinary gamut of color — one cannot call it a harmony — is limited to these raw greens, and a set of grays equally raw, passing

* "Etching and Etchers." Roberts Brothers.

into lead-color of the most unpleasant hue. When the greens are absent, as they are from some pictures, they are replaced by dirty browns, not less crude in reality, though the crudity of browns is not so generally recognized as that of greens. But when Charles Jacque is free from the embarrassment of color, as in his etchings, or the lithographs and photographs from his pictures, he is often one of the most charming of French artists; and the photograph in this volume, beautiful as it is, does no more than just fairly represent him. There are a thousand compositions of his equally delightful. His knowledge of sheep and poultry is almost unrivalled. If any reader of these pages happens to be a poultry-fancier, he may be interested to learn that Charles Jacque is known as a careful and scientific breeder, to which taste of his there is no doubt that much of his artistic excellence in that order of subject is to be attributed. His drawings of Burgundy farm-yards are surprisingly truthful and observant; every implement or utensil employed in the country is introduced with the happiest effect, and the living groups of all kinds are admirable. My testimony on this point may be accepted the more readily that I write these pages in Burgundy, and within five minutes of a large farm-yard, which is exactly of the kind that Charles Jacque most heartily enjoys, nor has my study of such subjects been confined to simple observation.

Another painter, who deeply felt the poetry of country life in France, Alexandre Gabriel Decamps, was more fortunate than Charles Jacque in being a colorist. It is scarcely safe to speak of Decamps in general terms of praise, because there are very many works of his which he himself thought of as nothing better than simple sketches, or rough notes of ideas, which since the artist's death have found their way into collections as pictures. In this respect the fate of Decamps has resembled that of Etty, whose studies were often made up into pictures after his death, and sold as pictures, to the great detriment of his reputation. Even in the Louvre and Luxembourg Decamps is not fairly represented; but the Louvre picture, which has for its subject a waterman with horses that wade in a shallow river just after sunset, is a good example of the manner of painting which Decamps invented, and to which, quite as much as to his sentiment or invention, he owed his considerable popularity. To understand the revolution in the craft of painting which Decamps inaugurated, it is well to study the kind of art which is entirely devoid of the qualities he aimed at; and there is no better example of this than David. There are very many valuable and interesting qualities in the materials that nature sets before us which David either was ignorant of, or rejected as incompatible with "style." The idea of "style," as it is understood in France, implies the rejection of all elements of picturesque interest; for

example, if any surface or texture is imitated, if reflected light and color is given, if any kind of execution is admitted interesting enough to be stigmatized as "amusing," the artist is at once classed as devoid of style; and however great his genius and industry, however profound his sentiment or thought, he will be spoken of all his life by French critics with supercilious contempt, or the most offensive airs of condescending patronage. Few young men of the last generation had the courage to face this fate, and hundreds of intelligent young artists wasted their lives in the slavery of Classicism, trying to *faire du style*, as if there were only one style, and as if even that one might be learned by rule. Some went mad, others committed suicide, others dragged on an obscure existence as drawing-masters; one, called Ingres, in sixty years of labor, reached the goal of fame, represented the whole class, and reaped all its late harvest of honors. But the narrow rules of Classicism could not bind forever a nation so intelligent as France, and a new fact about art began to force itself on the public mind. The nation began to perceive that it was in the nature of art to be various, that no one expression, however perfect, could forever occupy it. The critics might frown and rebuke as solemnly as they liked; the public was sick of Greeks and Romans, sick of being told eternally the same thing, and by an inevitable reaction was ready to welcome any one who would give it the refreshment of variety.

THE KENNEL.

Decamps.

Nobody refreshed it more than Decamps, because Decamps really discovered new material in nature. He had a great delight in rough and picturesque surfaces, in itself a reaction from the monotonous smoothness of the school of David, and nobody ever painted old plastered walls like him. And as the classical school had always painted regularly and thinly, spreading color in about the same thickness all over the picture, and equally diluting it with oil, Decamps gave the public a change in this respect also, for he tried what could be done in the thickest possible color, and achieved results of astonishing solidity and force, but did not confine himself to thick color, using thinly diluted tints, both transparent and opaque, whenever he thought them desirable. The classical school had scorned the picturesque everywhere, not seeing that the picturesque, if rightly understood, has elements of infinite pathos; so the classicists, though living in one of the most picturesque countries in the world, neglected all its noble suggestions. But Decamps, when a little boy, had been sent by his father to run wild for three years in a lonely valley in Picardy, living with peasants, talking their *patois*, and chiefly occupying himself with birds'-nesting in the woods, and dabbling in the little brooks and on the edges of small ponds. This existence gave Decamps certain tastes and tendencies which clung to him all his life long, — an affection for rude things generally, a sort of rebelliousness against discipline and polish, which

determined the character of his art. It is said that Decamps regretted his inability to draw a good academic figure; and M. Chesneau, whose chapters on Decamps in the "Chefs d'École" may be recommended to the reader, concludes one of them with the following melancholy words: "When we descend deeply into this individuality, which avoided alike tenderness, servility, and arrogance, we find, veiled by the usages of the world, a soul profoundly sad. Decamps paid by the trouble of his artistic conscience the want of moral energy which made him leave off study too early. Cruel chastisement for an hour of weakness at the decisive time! he lived with the crushing certainty that he had not expressed what was in him; he died with the conviction of having left his work undone." In reference to this "hour of weakness," Decamps himself says, "I was received in the *atelier* of M. Abel de Pujol. I worked willingly at the beginning. Unfortunately my master, who was kind and indulgent, and absorbed in his own labors, was little qualified to make me understand the utility and importance of studies which to me seemed little else than monotonous. I took a dislike to the work and quitted the *atelier*. I tried at home some little pictures; they were bought, and my education as a painter was missed." Decamps sold his pictures from the first, and at fair prices, and in his youth defined a classicist thus: "A classicist is a painter who does not sell." Afterwards he got tired

of being told that his art was of a secondary kind, that he was king of an inferior kingdom, and tried to study Classicism; so strong is the influence of critics when they all say the same thing. Of course he failed; and I believe that the Decamps we know and value would have been lost to us if the classical yoke had remained on his shoulders,—if the complete classical education had been inflicted upon him. What is the use of repeating forms of art which have already been fully realized? If I seem to speak against the classical doctrine here and elsewhere, it cannot be truly said of me that I undervalue Classicism, or am unable to appreciate it. As a civilized European I rejoice in the possession of the classical masterpieces, and have spent more hours with them than the reader imagines. I have never been able to get into the print-room of the British Museum without being caught and detained by the sculpture on my way; and that simply for the love of it, for I never wrote on sculpture, and have no intention of writing on it. But the classical system of art-education seems to me tyrannical and absurd, because it resists the great natural law of novelty and variety in human development. Classicism was excellent in its day; at present it is excellent only in men like Froment who take to it spontaneously, and give it new life in new forms. As an authoritative discipline, to be imposed on all artists in their youth, it is a crushing incubus, a stupid pedantry, not less hostile to genius than Philistinism,

and all the more hateful and dangerous that it forbids culture in the name of culture itself. Any one kind of artistic development would become equally abominable if the attempt were made to impose it on all minds. Suppose, for instance, that all artists were compelled in their youth to imitate the manner of Decamps, what good would come of it? Would anything come of it except utter spuriousness? Yet I am even now rejoicing that Decamps painted as he did, because in him the manner was genuine.

A genuine manner in art is distinguished from a spurious manner in this way, that it is the natural result of the artist's earnest effort to express himself, — to express *himself;* that is, the set of powers and instincts and affections which constitute his personality. The art of Decamps was personal, and therefore, for him, it was right; but it might not be right for another. He was a most laborious and honest workman, and whether he plastered walls or daubed horses and men, he plastered and daubed with the most entire singleness of purpose; and daubing became in his hands a divine art. He died in the belief that he had not fully given his message to the world; but all men of genius feel this: no one of great depth ever realized all that was in him. Anatomists tell us that after uttering the longest sentence we have breath for, there still remains in the lungs a reserve of air that we cannot expel; and so men of genius, who have said all that they were able to say, have still a reserve

of unexpressed ideas which die with them, as the reserve of air remains in the chest of a corpse. The toil of expression is, in the fine arts, so great a labor that it cannot do justice to all that is in us; and the mere sense of undeveloped faculties produces in many persons a melancholy feeling that they have not done justice to their gifts. But it is not merely Decamps who may lament this; we may all lament it, if we have not the wisdom to check such lamentations. Every mind contained in its youth germs of possible powers which could not in the nature of things all come to maturity. If Decamps thought that he had fostered the wrong germ, I believe he was mistaken, because his nature evidently followed its own bent. And we must remember that in his later years he was saddened by bad health of a peculiarly distressing kind. He could not sleep, and was nervously irritable and miserable. When a restive horse brought his head in collision with the bough of a forest-tree, and so killed him, it saved him years of misery. It is to this nervous melancholy, far more than to any culpable waste of his own powers, that we ought to attribute his regrets. Men in low physical health are ingenious in self-torture.

The distinctive qualities of Decamps may be very briefly enumerated. He had a deep pathos and poetry, and was profoundly moved by a certain kind of roughness and wildness in nature and in men; he was a powerful and masterly colorist, and his paint-

ing is, in its way, as excellent as it is original. His composition is often abrupt, and even awkward, — as, for instance, in the picture given in this volume; but the awkwardness is always essential to the expression, and has an important bearing upon his meaning. He had an intense feeling for landscape, but his knowledge of it is not to be estimated by his imaginary compositions, which are often empty and bad, if considered with reference to nature, though never without artistic significance. He never drew accurately, but his drawing has higher merits than accuracy, — it is passionate and full of life. He made valuable experiments in technical matters which, although producing at first much vain imitation in others, have left results in many respects beneficial; and he awakened a new interest in picturesque men and things. His enjoyment of country life was without affectation. He had real genius, and saw nature for himself, — painting, however, not so much the facts, as his impression of the facts. Even his imitative faculty, which often showed itself in passages of astonishing force, always depended far more on his powerful interpretation than on copyism. He is as great as Troyon, and quite incomparably greater than most of his other contemporaries.

Some years ago a picture was offered for sale to a rich man in Lancashire, and he begged me to look at it. He was much tempted; and one great merit of the picture in his eyes was that he could pass his

THE PRISONER.

Gérôme.

finger over it without meeting any roughness. He was not quite foolish enough to buy a picture for the mere pleasure of passing his fingers on its smooth surface, but he said that he believed smoothness of this kind to be a merit in a picture, if the work were in other respects good. He would not have liked Decamps on account of his habit of plastering; he would have preferred Gérôme. True criticism, which attaches itself to artistic qualities, regards this question of smoothness with an indifference quite absolute; but it is likely that Gérôme's popularity with the general public may have been somewhat facilitated or enhanced by his manner of work, which avoids all contrasts of thickness in pigment. His regular and steady application of color implies a great accomplishment, — great mastery, because in his case the object in view is always immediately reached, or reached without waste of effort. But if he had the faculties of a colorist, as Decamps had, this smooth certainty would no longer be possible: he would fatigue his canvases; he would efface and scrape and load. It is because Gérôme does not see color that he is able contentedly to leave each passage when it is done. He is an exquisite painter in one sense, — he manages his material well, if you leave out of consideration the question of hue. As to his color faculty, such faculty as he has is of this kind, — he paints generally in mud and ink, which he tries to redeem by isolated imitations of bright colors; but

he is congenitally incapable of color synthesis. He does his bits of bright colors very cleverly, — as, for instance, in the "Marchand d'Habits," the "Slave Market," and other Oriental pieces where the costumes favor him; but his pleasantest works are those which look most like studies in sepia. When we come to his other powers, the criticism may be more favorable. He is a fine draughtsman; he models well, and is a master of gradation in tone. Mentally his constitution is very peculiar. One cannot accuse him of being immoral, because the severity of his style discourages the looseness of mind most favorable to immoral impressions: Gérôme governs himself so strongly as a painter that if he is immoral, it is not from irresistible impulses, but consciously and coldly. So with his love of the horrible, — there is no violence, no expression of repulsion; the severed heads lie at the door at Cairo, and the sentinel smokes his pipe: a common painter would have given us bystanders with horror on their faces. But in this very coldness there is something peculiarly fascinating and terrible. One of most revolting things in art is the cool merchant, in the "Marché aux Esclaves," examining the girl's teeth, as we examine the teeth of horses. So the death of the duellist, coming out of the masked ball, is all the more terrible for being so coldly painted. When a man comes and tells you, without the slightest expression of sympathy or pity, that a child in the

next street has just fallen into a caldron of boiling water, you feel a double horror, — that produced by the fact, and that produced by the heartlessness of the narrator. Gérôme is said to be an agreeable companion, but as an artist, he is either without feeling, or has so crushed and controlled his feeling that it is paralyzed by his iron will. The anecdotes of him which have reached me through his friends imply indomitable will. His art usually oscillates between cold horror and cold immorality, falling occasionally into mere costume-painting. Thus, of the first class, we have the "Duel after a Masked Ball," "The Gladiators" (*Ave Cæsar imperator, morituri te salutant*), the "Death of Cæsar," the "Door of the Mosque El Assaneyn at Cairo, where were Exhibited the Heads of the Beys massacred by Salek-Kachef;" and of the second, the "Phryne before the Tribunal," the "Almée," the "Candaules;" whilst the third is represented by such works as the "Marchand d'Habits." Gérôme has painted one or two illustrations of coursing in the East, which are remarkable for the incomparable drawing of the dogs. I would rather have a leash of greyhounds painted by Gérôme than by any other painter living. I have seen beautiful studies by him of various other animals; he has a true understanding of animal life in its free grace and delightful innocence and awkwardness of posture. His knowledge of landscape is slight, but his backgrounds are always sufficient

for his purpose. The view of the Nile behind the "Prisoner," and the bit of Egyptian landscape in the "Hache paille Egyptien," are as good as any of his attempts in landscape.

The immense reputation of Meissonier is justified by the perfection attained by him in the kind of art he has chosen. Perfection in art of any kind is so rare, that when we meet with it we are sure to take notice of it; and, though Meissonier's pictures are very small, they are not likely to be passed over in the most crowded exhibitions. The mere fact of their littleness seems to have helped their reputation by increasing the marvel of the work: but there is nothing new or exceptional in this; the engravers of book-illustrations and the painters of miniatures have long worked on a scale still smaller. What really is new and exceptional in Meissonier is a certain largeness of grasp and vivacity of accent, this vivacity degenerating into excessive *staccato* at times, when *staccato* is not wanted. Meissonier is said to be in the habit of making studies the size of life, in order to keep his breadth of treatment. This, at least, is a proof of his firm belief in a doctrine very generally received amongst artists, — that, in order to paint on a small scale really well, you must be able to paint on a larger. Meissonier is a master of the male figure, and has lately studied the horse for his pictures of Solferino and the "Campagne de France;" but he has generally been careful to avoid women, — pro-

THE AMATEUR OF PICTURES.

Meissonier.

THE READING LESSON.

E. Frère.

bably because it is not easy to render a female face with that sharp accentuation which has become habitual with him. I like him best in such pictures as the "Lecture chez Diderot," where gentlemen of the last century meet in conversation; or in such single studies as the "Smoker," which, for subtlety of quiet expression, is as good as the best faces of Rembrandt, — as good, for instance, as the portrait of Burgomaster Six. Sometimes the expression is pushed rather far, and slightly verges on caricature, — as in the picture of an officer in the last century giving his orders, called "L'Ordonnance." Meissonier is not a man of any grandeur or sublimity of genius, and he has apparently no tenderness, — a defect he shares with Gérôme; but his keen observation, and ready, accurate hand, have made him king of his own realm in art, and his work, I suppose, will never diminish in money value, because such work must always be excessively rare.

The absence of tenderness is indeed a terrible defect in art. A gallery of Meissoniers and Gérômes would offer nothing to satisfy the best part of our nature. But many French painters have tenderness, and not one of them has so much, I think, as Edouard Frère. He and his works are too well known in England to need much criticism here; indeed, of criticism I have little to offer, because their execution is always so modest, and their sentiment so true and pure, that criticism of such works looks

like cruelty. No painter has ever better understood the poor country children in France; he never attempts to hide the effects of poverty by giving a well-fed and well-washed appearance to his humble heroines; they are what their hard fate has made them; yet we cannot wish them more robust or more prosperous. Since Edouard Frère has been much sought after by dealers there is a perceptible decline in his finish, and I would rather have the pictures he painted a few years ago than those which he paints now. His color is not disagreeable, but his power of that kind is slight; his observation of form, so far as it expresses character, is exquisite.

A painter, apparently destitute of feeling, but very skilful in the representation of modern ladies and gentleman, is Toulmouche. However severe may be the reader's taste in art, he can scarcely fail to derive some amusement from the genteel comedy of "The First Visit," given in this book. Toulmouche has the art of dressing his personages well; he excels in tailoring and millinery, and understands the degree of mind which it is customary to express by the features. His people are *comme il faut*, which, with the little people on canvas, as with their models in rea llife, is a quality more favorable to success than nobleness or inspiration. During the last year Toulmouche has certainly increased his reputation, and there is some probability that he may to some extent conciliate, as the Belgian Stevens has done, the rep-

THE FIRST VISIT.

Tontmanche.

resentation of contemporary ladies with the exigencies of art.

Bouguereau is a painter of exactly the same age as Gérôme. He was born at La Rochelle in 1824, and won the "Grand Prix de Rome" in 1850. He returned to Paris in 1855, and since then has painted a great deal, including decorative work in private palaces and mansions. The picture of the "Sœur Ainée," given herewith, and on the bright, frank air of which I need not expatiate, is now in the Great Exhibition at Paris, along with several other works by the same painter.

Here, for the present, the talk about French artists must have an end; but the subject is so far from being exhausted that if the public interest in it is sufficient to encourage us to a second venture, we may some day speak of Realism, of French landscape-painting, and of several artists of distinguished merit in other ways, whose names, in this Essay, have been passed over with the most sincere regret.

THE END.